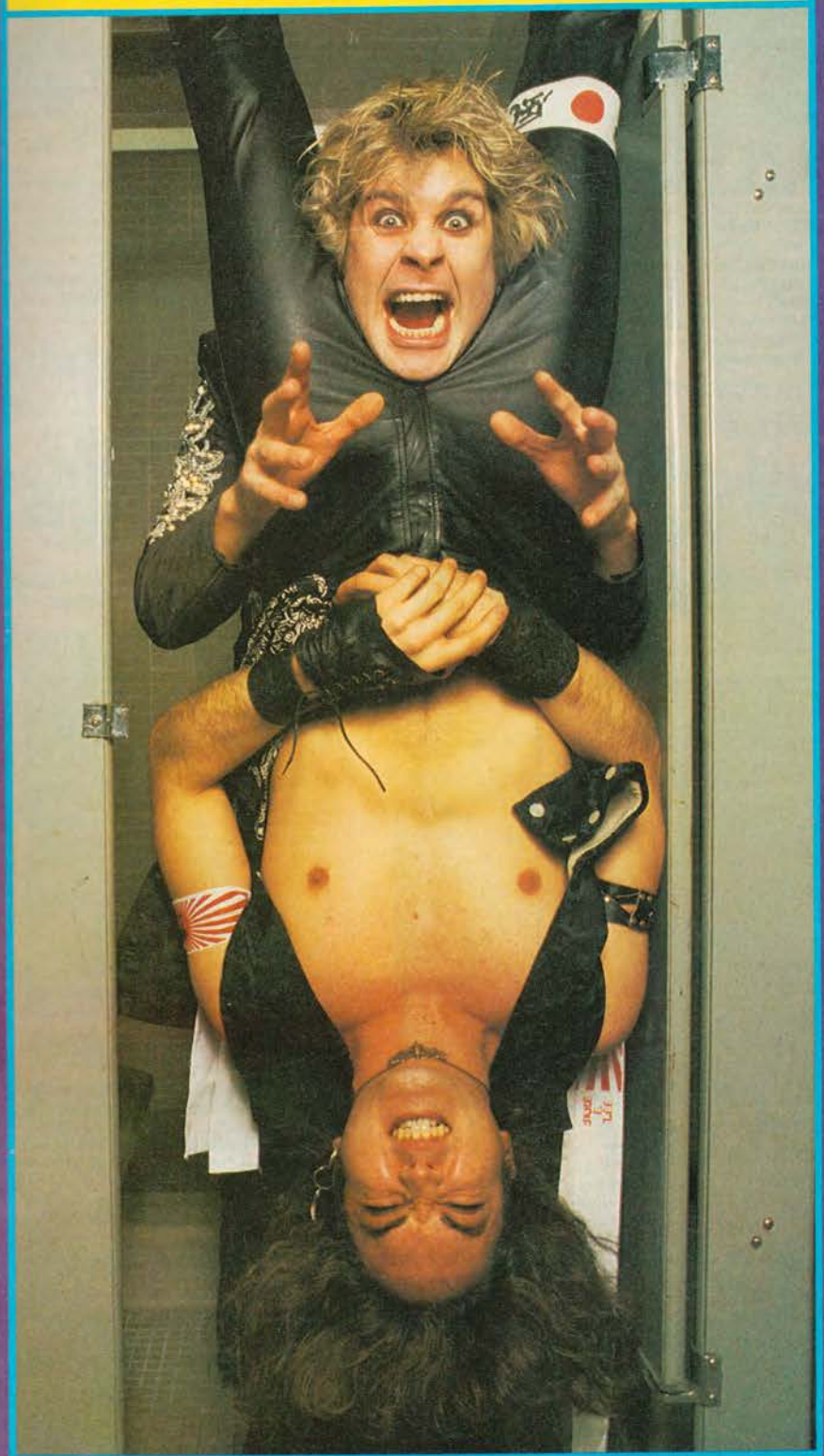
BIG, BAD AND BEEFY 56 PAGE ISSUE!

March 22-April 4 No 64 70p

KERRANG!

OZZY AND JAKE E. LEE: HANGOVER HORRORS



RATT: Rodent Control

DALTREY: Sleep Talking

VANDENBERG: Storm Bringers

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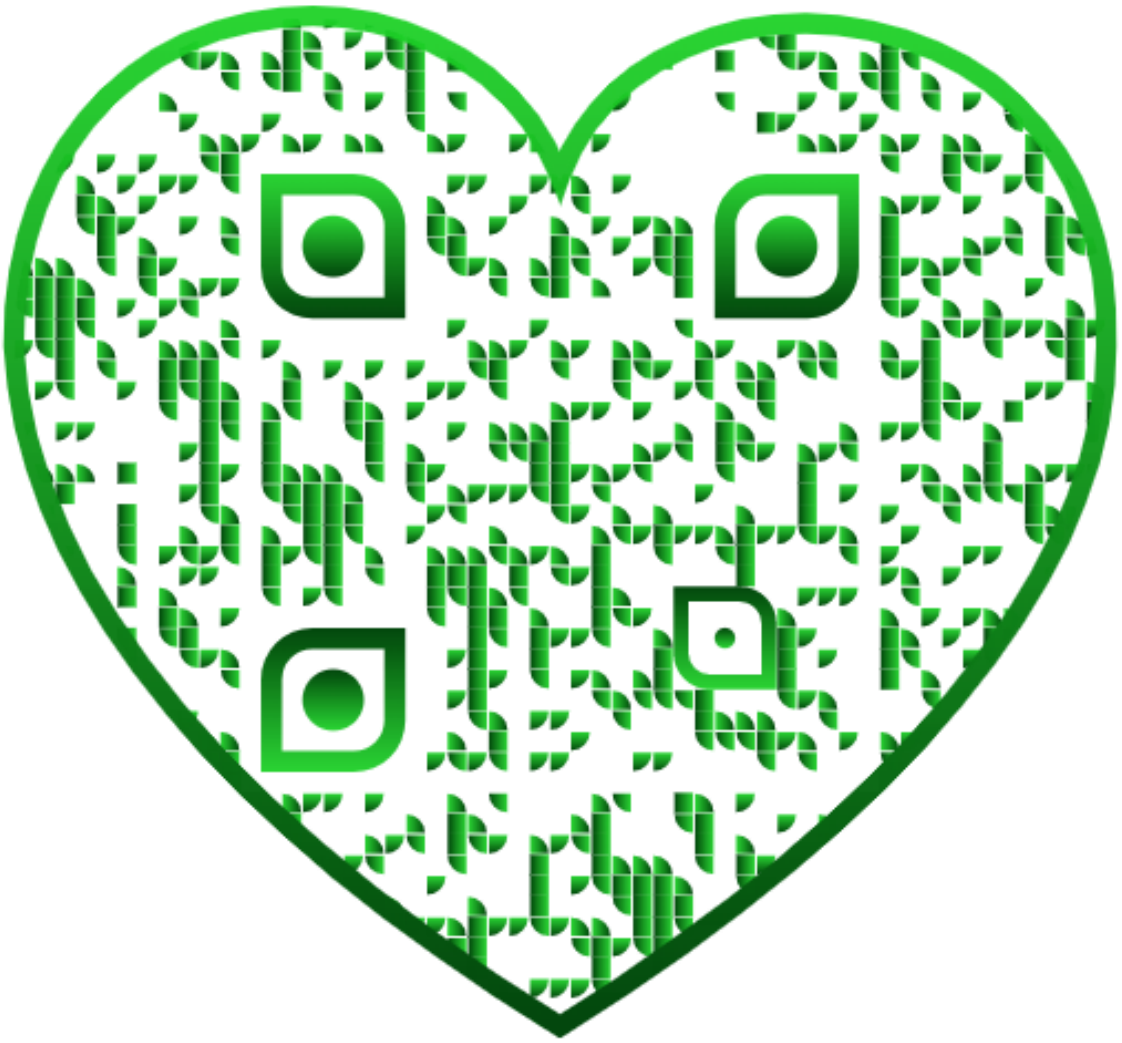


EXPANDING 'HEAD BAND

■ *IN THE wake of* ***Brian Robertson's*** *recent departure from* ***Motorhead,*** *drummer* ***'Philthy' Taylor*** *has also quit. Apparently, this was an amicable decision brought about through Taylor's desire to follow a different musical direction to the one wanted by* ***Lemmy*** *(pictured above, in the foreground).*

Taylor has recently been working with Robertson and ***Phil Lynott.*** *However, contrary to rumour, the trio won't be forming a band. A spokesman for the wild drummer recently stated that "Phil intends to form his own group".*

In the meantime, former ***Saxon*** *sticksman* ***Pete Gill*** *(above, in the background) has joined the re-vamped, 'Head line-up, now completed by guitarists* ***Phil Campbell*** *(above, extreme left – formerly with* ***Persian Risk)*** *and* ***Wurzel*** *(above, extreme right – an unknown axeman from Cheltenham). The quartet make their live debut at* ***London Hammersmith Odeon*** *on* ***May 7*** *and expect to have an album out (on the Bronze label) during the Summer. As yet, no more details are available on the project, although a statement from the band suggests it will be 'fast, loud and dirty'.*

Motorhead were also recently filmed performing 'Ace Of Spades' for an episode of BBC TV's comedy series 'The Young Ones'. *This is scheduled to be screened during May and features the farewell appearance of Taylor (alongside Lemmy, Campbell and Wurzel) with the band. And* ***'She'****, the film for which the previous line-up provided part of the soundtrack (see* Kulture *issue 61), has now had its British premiere postponed until April.*

Just to complete the present Motorhead situation, a compilation LP titled ***'No Compromises'*** *(featuring all the band's fave raves) is currently being put together. No release date has been set to date.*

MAYHEM

BLACK-OUT FOR GILLAN

■ *AS EXCLUSIVELY predicted in* View From The Bar *(issue 63),* ***Ian Gillan*** *(pictured above) has left* ***Black Sabbath.*** *According to a spokesman for the vocalist: "Ian gave the band notice that he would quit two months ago. At that point, we were asked to keep his decision quiet, but word seems to have leaked out anyway.*

"Sabbath did ask Ian to do their next album, but he's been working on a lot of new material that wouldn't fit in with the band's style."

Gillan now plans to resurrect his solo career. He is currently writing a batch of songs and intends to begin recording in the near future. To date, there are no details available on this project, however, it's likely he will produce himself with long-standing associate ***Chas Watkins*** *acting as engineer. Guest musicians will be used on the studio sessions and the singer will then form a touring group to play dates throughout the world.*

"This band won't be in the same vein as ***Gillan;*** *it'll be very much Ian and backing instrumentalists. We hope to have the new LP out on the Virgin label by late Summer."*

Sabbath, meanwhile, have made no announcement about their future plans. However, it is known that drummer ***Carmine Appice*** *has been approached to play on their next album, which suggests that present incumbent* ***Bev Bevan's*** *days are numbered. Negotiations are also taking place with producer* ***Spencer Proffer.*** *And it has been confirmed that Sabbath will record their next LP in Los Angeles, starting work in early May.*

■ CANADIAN TRIO **Triumph** are currently working on material for their next studio album. As yet no more information is available on this project, although it will be recorded at the band's own Toronto studio, Metalworks.

It's likely to be issued during the Summer, though which label will be putting it out remains a mystery. The band are in the throes of trying to sever their connections with RCA and are presently negotiating with four other major companies.

In the meantime, Triumph guitarist **Rik Emmett** recently produced the latest album from another Canadian three-piece, **Santers.** Titled **'Guitar Alley'**, it was recorded at Metalworks and has just been released in Canada by Ready Records. As yet the band have no British or American label deals.

■ **OZZY OSBOURNE** has been forced to delay the British release of his latest single, **'So Tired'**. This is due to legal complications caused by the presence of drummer **Carmine Appice** (recently sacked from Ozzy's band) on the two live tracks, 'Forever' and 'Paranoid', which were to appear on the B-side. These were recorded at the Dortmund Rock, Pop, Heavy Metal Festival last December.

The single will now be issued on Epic towards the end of April with a live flip, featuring two as yet undecided tracks recorded recently in America with 'new' drummer **Tommy Aldridge.**

■ **MSG** HAVE parted company with bassist **Chris Glen.** His replacement is American musician **David Feldman.**

■ **THE CARS** issue their latest album, **'Heartbeat City'**, through Elektra Records on March 23. It was produced by **'Mutt' Lange.** A single from the LP, **'Why Can't I Have You'** c/w **'Heartbeat City**, comes out on the same day.

■ NEW SINGLES releases in the pipeline from Neat Records include: **'We Have Arrived'/'A Face In The Crowd' (Saracen), 'Still In Love With You'/'Jack' (Valhalla), 'Green Eyes'/'Moonrising'/ 'Jailbait' (Crucifixion), 'Back On The Road'/'Rockin' The Night' (TNT).**

■ **URIAH HEEP** have been dropped by Bronze Records, the company that was built on the band's success in the early Seventies. Apparently, the failure of 'Abominog' and 'Head First' to re-establish Heep as a commercial proposition led to this decision being taken.

The quintet are now being managed by **Harry Maloney**, who also handles **Pallas.** At present he is trying to negotiate a new recording deal.

■ AMERICAN QUINTET **Icon** (formerly known as the **Schoolboys**) have their debut, self-titled album released on the Capitol label in America at the end of April. Produced by **Mike Varney**, it was recorded at Prairie Sun Studios in Northern California.

The band's line-up is **Steve Clifford** (vocals), **Dan Wexler** and **John Aquilino** (lead guitars), **Tracey Wallach** (bass) and **Pat Nixon** (drums).

■ GERMAN QUARTET **Trance** are presently recording material for their third album, which is expected to be issued in Britain during the Summer on the Carrere label. And the company are likely to precede this with the release of the second Trance LP, 'Power Infusion'.

■ CANADIAN ACT **Toronto** are currently in Eastern Sound Studios (Toronto) working on a new album. Tentatively titled '**Assault & Flattery**', it's being produced by **Joey Chicorelli** (who has previously worked with **Rita Coolidge, Red Rider** and **Bette Midler**) and is expected to be issued on Solid Gold in mid-June.

The band's current line-up is **Holly Woods** (vocals), **Scott Kreyer** (keyboards), **Mike Gingrich** (bass) and **John Hanna** (drums). They are using session guitarists for the LP and intend to recruit a permanent member in time for touring commitments. And as from the release of 'Assault & Flattery', the group will be known as **Holly Woods & Toronto.**

■ FORMER **SAMSON** bassist **Chris Aylmer** has joined a London-based 'Rogue Metal' act called **Rogue Male.** The rest of the line-up features **Jim Lyttle** (guitar/vocals – previously with **X-Ray Spex**), **Phil Ashton** (guitar – formerly with the **Handsome Beasts**) and **Steve Kingsley** (drums – ex-**Deep Machine**).

The band make their live debut at **Oxford Penny Farthing** on **April 21** and are likely to play London shows at both the **Marquee Club** and **Fulham Greyhound** in the near future.

■ WAYSTED HAVE parted company with guitarists **Barry Benadetta** and **Ronnie Kayfield.** Apparently, Benadatta was only temporarily added to the band's line-up for their recent American tour. No reason has been given, though, for Kayfield's departure. The position of drummer **Frank Noon** remains unclear.

The remaining members of Waysted are currently writing material for the group's second album and it's expected that a new guitarist will be announced within the next few months.

■ **ALICE COOPER** has parted company with his longstanding record label, Warner Brothers. According to a spokesman for Cooper: "He has fulfilled his contractual obligations to the company and is now negotiating a new deal which should be announced within the next few weeks."

Cooper's next studio project looks like being a sequel to his classic album, 'Welcome To My Nightmare', material for which is presently being written by the mainman with **Dick Wagener.**

■ SWEDISH combo the **EF Band** have now found a replacement for departed vocalist **John Rich.** He's former **Nevada Foxx** man **Roger Marsden.**

This new line-up was recently filmed in concert for broadcast on Swedish TV and is now writing material for the band's third album. Following this LP's release (as yet unscheduled), it's expected that the EF Band will undertake both European and American tours.

■ **WEAPON,** THE band who supported **Motorhead** on their 'Ace Up Your Sleeve' UK tour nearly three years ago, have now re-formed. Vocalist **Danny Hynes** is the only original member still with the band, whose line-up is completed by **Ian Simmons** (guitar/vocals), **Malcolm McNutty** (guitar/vocals) and **Billy Kulke** (bass/vocals). As yet no permanent drummer has been recruited. Currently **Wildfire** man **Bruce Bisland** is guesting on the stool.

■ **DUKE JUPITER,** one of the hardest gigging bands on the American touring circuit, have signed a recording deal with Morocco Records, a subsidiary of Motown. The band's latest, as yet untitled, album (their sixth) is expected to be released within the

CONTINUES OVER

GRACE & FERVOUR

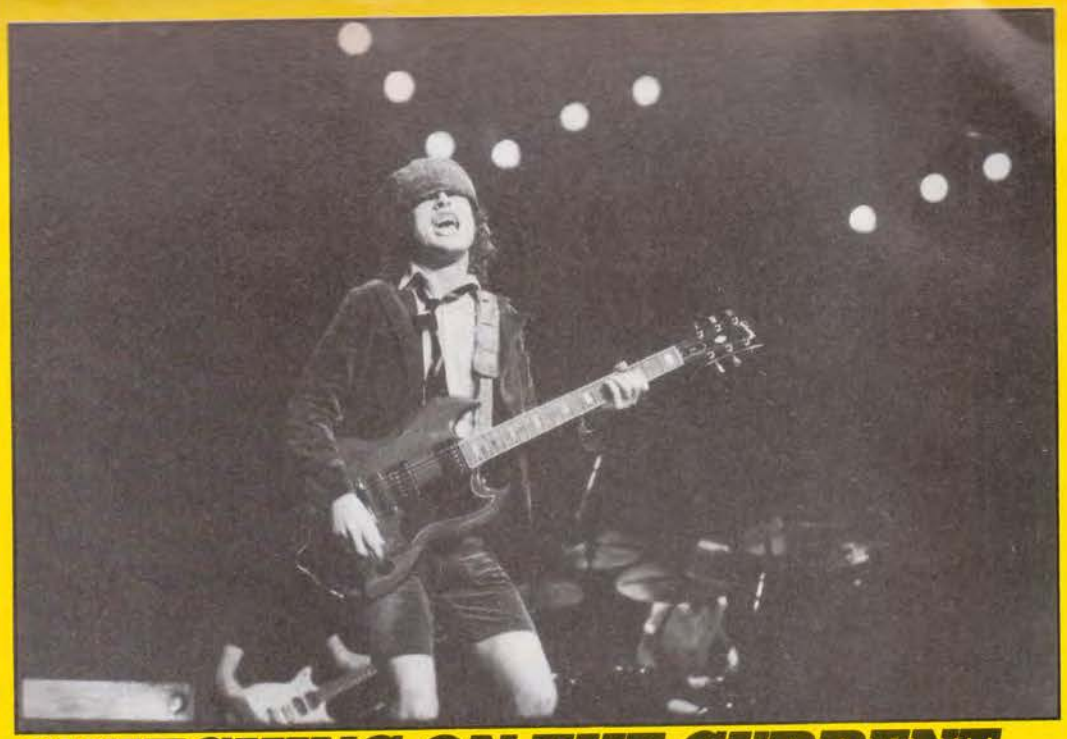
■ ***RUSH*** *(**ALEX LIFESON** pictured above) release their latest album **'Grace Under Pressure'** on the Vertigo label in mid-April. Produced by **Pete Henderson** at Le Studio in Montreal, it has the following track listing:*

*Side one: **'Distant Early Warning', 'Afterimage', 'Red Sector 'A' ', 'The Enemy Within'.***

*Side two: **'The Body Electric', 'Kid Gloves', 'Red Lenses', 'Between The Wheels'.***

*All music was written by **Geddy Lee** and Alex Lifeson with lyrics by **Neil Peart.***

To date, the band have announced no touring plans for the near future.



SWITCHING ON THE CURRENT

■ ***AC/DC*** *(GUITARIST **Angus Young** pictured above) are to headline the fifth annual Castle Donington Monsters of Rock Festival, to be held on August 18. This will be the band's only UK show during 1984.*

*As yet no other band has been confirmed for the bill and a spokesman for promotors Wooltare has stated that: "Recent suggestions concerning **Van Halen, Krokus** and **Kiss** appearing at the festival are no more than pure speculation".*

*Tickets for Donington cost £11 and are available by postal application only from: **Wooltare Ltd, PO Box 123, Walsall, West Midlands.** An SAE should be enclosed and all cheques/postal orders should be made payable to **'Wooltare Ltd'.** Overseas applicants should send an international money order to include coverage of all postal charges, as well as an unstamped self-addressed envelope. All members of AC/DC's official fan club should note that special ticket arrangements are being made for them. A letter from the club will be sent out imminently outlining these plans.*

Tickets will also be available on the day of the gig at the festival site price at £12.

FIRE DEPARTMENT

■ ***HSAS,*** *THE band briefly formed last year by **Sammy Hagar/Neal Schon** (above)/**Kenny Aaronson/ Michael Shrieve,** have just issued their long-awaited album on the Geffen label. Titled **'Through The Fire',** it was produced by Hagar & Schon and has the following track listing:*

*Side one: **'Top Of The Rock', 'Missing You', 'Animation', 'Valley Of The Kings', 'Giza'.***

*Side two: **'Whiter Shade Of Pale'** (a cover of the classic **Procol Harum** song), **'Hot & Dirty', 'He Will Understand', 'My Hometown'.***

With the exception of 'Whiter Shade Of Pale', all the numbers were co-written by Hagar/Schon.

The basic recording was done during the band's eight-date tour of the San Francisco area in November '83, although vocal/guitar overdubs were added at Fantasy Studios in SF. Moreover, all crowd noises were removed from the mix (exept for those on 'He Will Understand' and 'Hometown') to increase the likelihood of radio airplay.

According to a spokesman for Geffen: "American programme controllers have little sympathy for live albums. So we thought it best to beef up the tapes in the studio and give it a better quality sound. The audience was left on the two aforementioned cuts for artistic reasons."

Those who want to see and hear what these shows were like in their untouched live state should tune in (if they are able) to MTV on April 26 when extensive HSAS concert footage is to be screened. There will also be a simultaneous radio broadcast. However, no plans exist currently for a similar presentation in Britain.

BAD BOYS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL BOUNCE BACK INTO ACTION

■ *TWISTED SISTER (Dee Snider above) have just completed work on their third album. Tentatively titled* ***'Stay Hungry'****, it's been produced by* ***Tom Werman*** *and engineered by* ***Jeff Glixman*** *at Westlake Studios in Los Angeles.*

The track listing is: ***'Stay Hungry', 'Don't Let Me Down', 'The Beast', 'Burn In Hell', 'We're Not Gonna Take It', 'SMF', 'I Wanna Rock', 'The Price'*** *(a ballad),* ***'Captain Howdy'*** *and* ***'Street Justice'****.*

The last two songs are linked together under the umbrella title of ***'Horroteria'*** *and represent the band's first concept presentation. According to Snider: "Captain Howdy is a despicable, slimey, disgusting person who sexually abuses and mutilates little kids. Eventually, he's caught and brought to trial, but gets off on a technicality. The public flip out and take the law into their own hands. Who knows this might well be the start of a long-running saga!"*

As yet there's no release date for the LP, but the band intend to come back to the UK during late March/ early April to shoot a video (probably for 'I Wanna Rock') and they may also take this opportunity to play selected live dates. A full British tour will definitely be scheduled for later on this year.

MERCYFUL FATE IN (BLACK) MASS MANOTOUR WALKOUT

■ *AMIDST CONTROVERSY and heated exchanges,* ***Mercyful Fate*** *(pictured above) quit their 'special guest' slot on* ***Manowar's*** *recent UK tour after just one date (St. Albans City Hall).*

According to a spokesman for the Danish quintet: "We walked off the tour because it was obvious from the start that it would do us more harm than good. Everything we were told had been arranged for us never happened.

"Manowar took two hours to set up their equipment and soundcheck in St. Albans, leaving us just 30 minutes to get our stuff ready, which wasn't long enough. On top of that, our sound engineer was only allowed onto the mixing desk accompanied by one of Manowar's road crew and we were ordered not to use more than half the available volume. We found that ridiculous because this band put up £1500 towards the hiring of the PA system – and we've since found out that our money paid for the bulk of the PA costs anyway!"

Manowar, however, refute all such accusations. A spokesman for the American Metallurgists maintained that: "Mercyful Fate's attitude was totally amateurish. We gave them ample time to set up and soundcheck but they didn't take advantage of it. And when the time came for their performance, their management representative was too busy flogging T-shirts to bother about getting the band ready to go onstage.

"As far as the sound went, we gave them total access to our mixing desk. But Fate's engineer didn't have the faintest idea how to operate it. So our own man had to spend the first four numbers of the set trying to educate him. Even after this crash-course, he still couldn't handle the equipment properly. So any sound problems the band encountered were of their own making.

"Their claim that they paid most of the costs for the PA is nonsense. We laid out over £17,000 for it!"

Manowar used Birmingham band ***Crazy Angel*** *as support act on the remainder of the tour and the whole incident has probably done considerable damage to Mercyful Fate's credibility in the UK. Whether this proves to have a lasting effect only time will tell.*

Music For Nations, the record label responsible for both bands, stated that, although they were unhappy at Fate's attitude, it was unlikely any move would be made to drop them from the roster. However, a representative for the label did state that: "We put up some of the money required to bring the band over from Denmark and, given their behaviour, obviously we will think twice before financing any more UK dates."

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

next few months. It was produced by **Glen Kolotkin.**

The quartet's current line-up is **Marshall James Styler** (vocals/ keyboards), **Greg Walker** (guitar/ vocals), **Rickie Ellen** (bass) and **David Corcoran** (drums).

■ **TANK** BEGIN work on their fourth album at the end of March. As yet untitled, it's being produced by the band at Sound Sweet Studios. The LP is to be released on the Music For Nations label later on this year.

Tank's current nucleus is **Algy Ward** (bass/vocals) and **Mick Tucker** (lead guitar). It's expected a new drummer will be announced shortly.

■ **MANFRED MANN** issues a new single through Bronze Records on March 30. The A-side features **'Runner'**, a recent hit in America. It was one of two tracks originally recorded for the US release of the 'Somewhere In Afrika' album (the other was **'Rebel'**).

It is to be made available in both seven inch and 12" formats, with **'Low Transkei'** (from the 'SIA' LP) on the flip of both versions and **'Lies (Through The 80s)'** (from 'Budapest') featured as an extra track on the 12".

■ **PINK FLOYD** bassist/vocalist **Roger Waters** releases a solo album, **'The Pros & Cons Of Hitch-hiking'**, in late April on the Harvest label. The title track is to be issued as a single early in April.

It's expected Waters will play some live dates later on this year.

■ NORWEGIAN BAND **TNT** are currently recording material for their second album. Tentatively titled **'Knights Of The New Thunder'**, it's expected to be issued during the Summer.

■ ***BERNIE TORMÉ*** *(pictured above in vampiric pose) has just issued a live album through Zebra Records. Titled* ***'Bernie Tormé Live'****, it was produced by Tormé and recorded on his last British tour. The full track listing is:*

Side one: ***'Intro/Presences', 'Wild West', 'Turn Out The Lights', 'Lightning Strikes'****.*

Side two: ***'Getting There', 'Too Young', 'No Easy Way'****.*

To coincide with this LP's release, Tormé is presently playing a series of British dates with drummer ***Ian Whitehouse*** *and bassist* ***Chris Heilman: Coventry General Wolfe March 23, Gwent Cross Keys 24, Oxford Penny Farthing 25, Harlow Bennys 28, London Marquee Club 29/30, Nottingham Boat Club 31, Oldham The Tower April 1, Guernsey Savoy Hotel 4, Jersey Inn On The Park 5.***

Support act on most of these dates is ***Separate Energy.***

MORE MAYHEM PAGE 55

ROCK GODDESS

I DIDN'T KNOW I LOVED YOU (TILL I SAW YOU ROCK AND ROLL)

ROCK GODDESS
I DIDN'T KNOW I LOVED YOU
(TILL I SAW YOU ROCK AND ROLL)
HELL HATH NO FURY
PRODUCED AND ENGINEERED BY CHRIS TSANGARIDES
FOR ROCKSTEADY PRODUCTIONS LTD.
AMP 185

NEW SINGLE

AVAILABLE ON 7", 3 Track 12" & Shaped Picture Disc (Limited Edition)

A&M RECORDS

Grim Reaper

DULLARDS OR diamonds from Droitwich? Who would have thought that Grim Reaper had it in 'em to lay down a decent piece of vinyl?

Yet, as our resident 'Demonic Pen' Malcolm Dome dutifully recorded, the Reaper's 'See You In Hell' album makes spiffing attempts to sparkle and blank out all Black Metal bludgeon!

If you find it hard to swallow that Grim Reaper can disown themselves from any satanic angle, if you want to know why the band won't be making porno videos just yet, then tune into next issue's overblown exposé, alright?

HOWARD JOHNSON

Pic Tony Mottram

Judas Priest

NEW 7" & 3 TRACK 12" SINGLE

SOME HEADS ARE GONNA ROLL

7" & 3 TRACK 12" CONTAINS A LIVE VERSION OF
'GREEN MANALISHI'

**FREE JUDAS PRIEST STENCIL
WITH LIMITED EDITION 12"**

Rock Feinstein

LIVE WITHOUT A NET

THE RODS are out to land the Big One, says MALCOLM DOME.

"Y'KNOW WE'VE given up taking those, er, 'candid' backstage Polaroid shots. The fact is, that sort of thing became *expected* of us. We felt under an obligation to produce 'em and, consequently, all the fun went out of it! That's the problem with a gimmick – it can soon become more important that the band."

Carl Canedy, drummer/vocalist with New York hard rockin' trio the Rods and producer of such hard-core acts as Exciter/Anthrax/Helstar, was obviously a broken man. For, after years of painstaking research (both theoretical and practical) into the zoological phallic phylum known as *groupie-us grope-ia* (in the great tradition of that most exhaustive work, the Gene Simmons Photo Library), the sheer weight of mass interest seems to have stunted the Rods' exploratory fervour which now appears more extinct than a dildo . . . er, dodo! Thus Canedy and fellow Rodneys, Dave 'Rock' Feinstein (guitar/vocals) and Gary Bordonaro (bass/vocals), have been forced to take up a near-monastic existence, becoming prime contenders for Celibate Squares . . .

"But I've still got a vast collection of porno videos. And, do ya know what we spent New Year's Eve watching? *Deep Throat!*" revealed Canedy with a sudden spurt of excitement.

"We don't do drugs or anything like that," added 'The Rock'. "Our only vice is still . . . wimmen!"

Ah well as Rush once said, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. And if you doubt that this trio's, er, sexual appetite remains in the gluttony class, then have a word sometime with Ray 'Yeah, It's Me Again' Palmer. The phased, dazed lensman, a man who has seen it all with the likes of Rage/Saga/Accept, expressed himself slightly nauseated when taken down to the sleaziest part of Manhattan by the band for a snapping session. Yeah, smut rock breathes, so unwrap that dirty mac!

BUT, ONTO some serious business. It seems that very little has happened to (and for) the Rods over the past couple of years. Remember the balmy euphoria of '82? Ah, what bold, gold days they were as the Rochester rowdies released a splatter 'n' batter, slice 'n' dice debut album on Arista that reduced much of the opposition to crumbling dust, toured the UK producing music to bend Iron (Maidens) to. . . and promptly collapsed. 'Wild Dogs', their second LP, proved a neutered affair compared to the rampant bite of that first offering, they failed to get the financial backing required to play *any* major UK festival in 1982 and completed a topsy-turvy year by being unceremoniously dumped from the Arista roster.

Last year, the band put out the underrated 'In The Raw' album on independent US label Shrapnel. It was, so the trio led us to believe, merely a stop-gap operation whilst a new, major deal was being sorted out. However, rather like the Holy Grail, this much-heralded contract remains a myth to this very day. Indeed, just about the only action Rods-wise during recent months has been a parting of the ways between the band themselves and longstanding manager Peter Morticelli. Ironically, the latter's *Pelican Productions* organisation now handles the affairs of an outfit called Shrapnel, who are signed to Elektra – the very label that so nearly snapped up the blast-furnace triumverate just a few months back.

"We were very close with that company," agreed Canedy, inbetween gulps of Indian cuisine (of Eastern rather than Red origin) at a New York curry parlour. "Pete sent them a demo of five songs and they were keen on us for quite a while. But then everything went quiet. To be honest, I think the wrong songs were sent out to the company. They didn't *truly* represent what we are all about.

"But I don't want to get into a heavy discussion about why we left Pete, so let's just say certain things were done on our behalf that weren't in the best interests of the band. This demo was one example. Another was that we *know* he was asking too much money from record companies for our signature. But that's all in the past. We still believe strongly in ourselves and we hope everything can remain fairly amicable with Pete."

SO, SHORN of any significant backing, the Rods have now thrown in their not inconsiderable lot with Music For Nations (UK) and the newly-formed Combat label (US). The first vinyl offering from these dual liaisons is that succinctly-titled live album, 'The Rods Live'. Recorded at various shows throughout the States last year, this is, as Darren 'Criminal' Crook so rightly pointed out in his review (issue 62), a patchwork patrol. Some of the songs underline the fact that these boys are capable of penning pure polydecibel poetry (just call 'em the Keats, Byron and Shelley of Metal mania), whilst others are rather mundane in their muddled mediocrity.

However, there can be no doubts about this lot's ruthless musicianship. Canedy and Bordonaro flex biceps, quadriceps and any other 'cep' you care to name (except 'anti*sep*tic') creating a rhythmic rage war while Feinstein's guitar bellows and caresses in equal proportions. Their sound, in short, is rather akin to a rogue elephant in ballet shoes – and it bleedin' well works! And vocally, all three prove themselves fine performers. Of course, the production is occasionally lame rather than Lange, but then very little touching up (no jokes, please) has been done to the original live tapes (due more to an absence of money than anything else, I suspect) – truly an honest 12 inches!

"We demoed the material in a 16-track studio and it sounded so good we thought it would be a wise move to try and get it down on tape *live*. I think it's come out quite well, actually. To be honest, we've so many songs in the can that our next studio album is already planned. It's gonna be called 'Let Them Eat Metal' (more kalories per slice than the average loaf?) and will feature tracks with titles such as 'LTEM' itself, 'Nuclear Skies' (an *anti*-nuclear number), 'Black Warriors', 'White Lightning' and 'Bad Blood'.

"Hopefully, it will turn out to be raw and powerful, bringing out both sides of our nature – the heavy and the melodic. We're looking on it as our legitimate second LP in terms of production and direction. Dave and I will again handle that side of things in the studio. I believe we work well as a team and feel that dealing with bands such as Helstar, Anthrax and Exciter solely as a producer has drastically improved my perception of recording techniques."

BUT ISN'T it all perhaps too late for the Rods? Haven't they run out of time? Two years ago, they were *the* US babes most likely to succeed in the steamin' jungle of the music biz – garish gargantuawatt guerillas waging wooargh in the cause of Mutha Earth, the Rock 'N' Roll Gypsy Queen. However, the platinum likes of Mötley Crüe and Quiet Riot have now rapidly overtaken 'em, leaving Canedy's combative corps floundering in the mire.

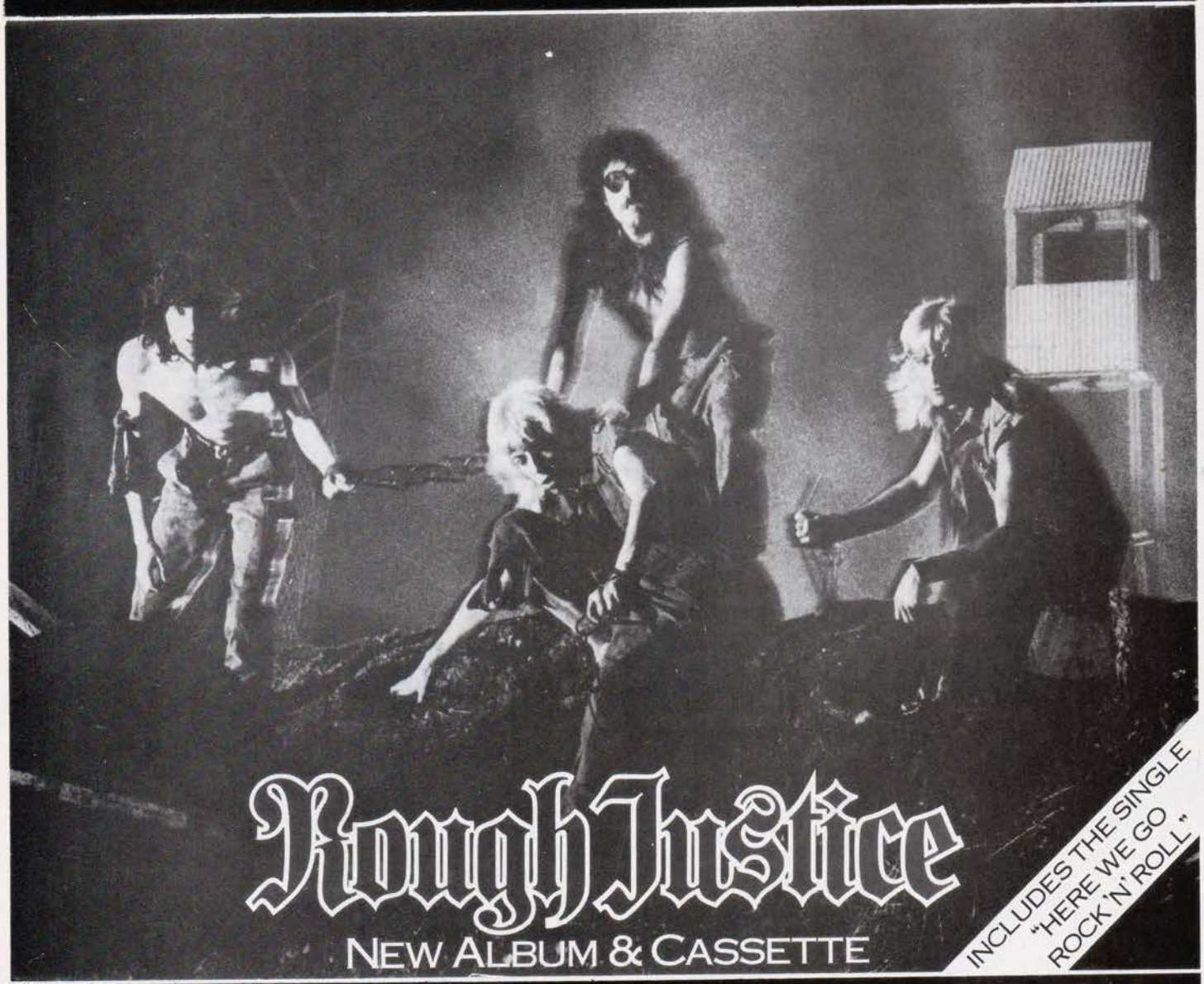
To be honest, their position is rather akin to that of Manowar, and it's therefore rather galling to find these two fine outfits almost at each other's throats. Mere mention of the sworded ones' name brought a cynical, almost malevolent, sneer to Feinstein's face and a churlish smile to Bordonaro's, which said far more than Canedy's innocuous, diplomatic comment that "Yeah, Manowar are a good live band, although their drummer is pretty naff."

Apparently, this animosity – which I can assure you is mutual and real – arose (according to unconfirmed reports) when the Rods tried to entice 'War vocalist Eric Adams away from his present lair. But the rest of this tale of intrigue and threats will have to wait for a *View From The Bar* special, OK?

Back on the main track, it has to be said that what ties Manowar and the Rods together is an almost total reliance on headlining tours of Britain as a means of 'cracking it'. The Rods began their 11-date trek, in the company of Metallica and Exciter, on March 21. For them it's the moment of truth. Are they Over-The-Top or Over-The-Hill? Are they polydecibel paratroopers or mere polystyrene prophets? We shall soon know . . .

"We're determined to go after the recognition we deserve and we'll give every date on this tour total commitment. Nothing at the moment frightens us!"

Carl Canedy's parting words had the ring of half-confidence, half-desperation. There is indeed a new iron age dawning on the horizon. It's one that the Rods in their own small way have helped to nurture in recent times. But will they now be able to stake a big claim and start to mine rich rewards? The answer is now being spread across stages from Ayr to Cardiff, London to Manchester. Spare the Rods? We'll have to wait and see . . .



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RUN TO THE MILLS

As HEADPINS' 'Line of Fire' album is finally granted an official UK release, HOWARD JOHNSON provides target practice for vocalist DARBY MILLS.

EVER WANTED to set sail on a phantasmagorical journey into the mists of time, to a land far away from our own dear Blighty, to a world where the vocabulary embraces such concepts as Chilliwack and Headpins, forces currently being marshalled by a temptress going under the somewhat odd monicker of Darby Mills? Fancy a magic (mushroom) carpet ride through to a hard rock home dominated by a foxy female?

Maybe not! Y'see, I've always regarded myself more as a pinhead (Ramonic style, y'unnerstand!) than a Headpin. I well remember the arrival of the Canuck four-piece's debut album a fair while back now. 'Turn It Loud' it commanded and, being an obedient little bugger, I did exactly that – only to find myself retitling said opus 'Turn It Off'. Sure, it was loud, it blew my speaker cabs up and all the rest of the verbiage reserved for OTT Metal acts, but 'Turn It Loud' DID NOT move me. It was rough, half-baked, ill-conceived and, while executed with admirable gusto, did not have the necessary flair to make an impact on these battle-hardened ears.

"You're right, that first album was very raw and a great deal of things could've been better. There were very few filler keyboards and harmony vocals and the tunes had to be straightahead and very hard!"

Darby Mills likes to talk. Her voice sounds a little tired, but then again after a 20 hour drive to the next venue (at the time of writing, the band were touring the States) so would yours. Despite that, though, she's making the telephone wire burn!! So why did it *have* to be hard, so straightahead?

"The story of Headpins is a real complicated saga' " she storms. Well, I'm ready. . .

"Our guitarist and bassist, Brian Macleod and Ab Bryant, were members of another Canadian band called Chilliwack and their record company had a whole lot of problems. When the president of the company died things went rapidly downhill and the guys tried to get out of their contract but couldn't. The outcome was that Chilliwack couldn't perform legally for a whole year, so Brian and Ab decided to put a bar-band together to make a little money, keep their hands in and have some fun.

DARBY MILLS: an offer that Paul Suter can't refuse. . .

"THE ORIGINAL line-up included Matt Frenette from Loverboy on drums and another female singer who'd done quite well on the bar circuit. Eventually, Matt went back to Loverboy in time for their first album and Bernie Aubin, Loverboy's original drummer, joined up with them. Then the vocalist lost her voice, basically because she was an r 'n' b singer, and as I was singing in the same bar I got the break!"

Bizarre ain't really the word for it, but it gets worse (or better, depending on your point of view!)

"Six months after we got together we signed a deal with Solid Gold Records in Canada but Brian and Ab were still contractually tied up – they couldn't *officially* record that album. We had to put people off their scent so only my name was used on the record sleeve, and what is more amazing is that when we went out on tour we used two clones while Brian and Ab fulfilled their contractual obligations with Chilliwack, recording 'Opus X'."

By this point Chilliwack had managed to resolve contractual hassles and had interestingly signed to . . . you guessed it . . . Solid Gold Records, leaving Macleod and Bryant in two bands on the same label!

"The contractual thing meant that the Headpins album had to be very different from Chilliwack, so that explains why it was so raw and so heavy, but things started to get complicated because the Headpins album took off like you wouldn't believe. 'Turn It Loud' broke all sales records for a debut album in Canada and went double platinum (that's 200,000 copies over there) in five weeks. That would've been OK were it not for the fact that, during the time all this was going on, Chillwack suddenly became very respected in the US, reaching the top 50 in the album charts."

In their heart of hearts the Macleod/Bryant team knew where their allegiances lay and they eventually emerged from the proverbial closet sporting Headpins colours, which must have pleased young Darby, sitting with a very serious dose of *dilemmaitis*. Would her band survive this charade? Would she find herself back in the bars earning $150 a week? (She proudly informs me that she's up to $175 now she's made the big time – fame 'n' fortune for ya!) Doing the business in Canada is all well and good, but in time-honoured fashion Headpins headed south to the ol' US of A. Success without strain? Well whadda *you* think?!

"We signed a licensing deal with Atco in the States for the first album and then a week prior to its US release they fired nearly all of their staff. So there we were, ten of us in a little van, rolling into town to play and there was no press, no posters, no records – nothing! I mean, people liked us when they came to watch us in the clubs but it just wasn't enough, we were losing serious money!"

And all this hogwash going down around the release of a debut album. It ain't beyond the realms of possibility that Headpins could have gone down too were it not for the unreal success of 'Turn It Loud' in Canada itself.

HOWEVER, that was then and this is now. Bryant and Macleod are currently in the clear and Headpins have progressed to their second release, which is why I consider the band relevant rather than rubbish.

'Line Of Fire', the second LP which has recently appeared in the UK on the MCA label, represents a quantum leap forward for the Headpins. More contagious cacophony than blandola bludgeon, 'LOF' shows that the creative floodgates have now been opened. The songs are warmer, more considered and melodically superior while still retaining raunch in abundance thanks to Darby's prime primeval scream and the positively fearsome axe attack of 'Too Loud' Macleod!

By the time you read this the band should be on the road in Europe supporting Whitesnake, a tour that climaxes with some UK dates.

"That really suits us just fine because we were talking the other day and Bryan and Ab told me that Deep Purple was their major influence in the early days. Ian Gillan's in the band, isn't he?"

Well, we can't be right all the time, can we? But at least the girl's heart is in the right place?!

"I have a feeling that we'll go over well and that people in Europe will relate to us. They rock 'n' roll over there, don't they? Well, I hope they'll like us because we're very sincere and we work hard. We're real serious about this band."

We'll soon see if Headpins live bear out this statement. But on record, they are one band who are definitely maturing with age.

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SAMSON fight to control themselves after reading rave review . . .

PILLAR TALK!

SAMSON
'Don't Get Mad, Get Even'
(Polydor POLD 5132)

IN A recent live review of Samson, I commented, rather unkindly, that they had been *"bottom of the second division of Metal bands for too long"*. Well, while it might be the case that their commercial achievements still justify such a description, I can unequivocally say that this album puts them straight into the first division in my book, and somewhere not far from the top. This really is a most impressive and mature recording, featuring a wealth of imaginative playing and a tidy handful of great songs.

Samson are well in touch with their roots, which gives this album an undeniable weight. While many Metal bands display an awareness of nothing beyond 'Deep Purple In Rock' or mid-period Black Sabbath, Samson have their finger on the original pulse of heavy rock. Thus, no matter what the decibel output of their competitors, they are like newly-planted saplings compared to the oak-like authority displayed on 'Don't Get Mad, Get Even'.

Nicky Moore's voice is frightening. On numbers like 'Love Hungry' and 'Front Page News' he sounds like the great Leslie West of Mountain (a sadly overlooked American group of the early Seventies). Showing a microphone to Moore, the Genghis Khan of rock vocalese, is like waving a red rag at a bull, prompting a huge, phlegmy, window-rattling roar that must startle the ghosts of blues singers all the way back to Africa. But, unlike Ozzy Osbourne (of whom it was once said: "He couldn't carry a tune in a suitcase"), on this album Moore ably demonstrates his respect for the nuances of the melodies. 'Love Hungry', 'Burning Up' and 'The Fight Goes On' are all serviced by strong, memorable choruses, shored up by excellent, uncredited, backing vocals, while the title track has perhaps the strongest hook line on the album, thanks to the Moore vocal and some attractive *arpeggio* guitar chords from Paul Samson.

Sharing the glories with Moore is Pete Jupp, who must be *the* British heavy rock drummer of the moment. He threads his double-bass patterns through the whole course of the album, lifting tracks like 'Into The Valley' and 'Don't Get Mad, Get Even' from third gear to full throttle, while never losing the backbeat strength and rocksteady pulse. His playing is the perfect marriage of feel and technique.

Now-departed bassist Chris Aylmer is anonymously steady throughout, but for me the real revelation is Paul Samson's guitar playing. Never too far forward in the mix, he plays some ridiculous solos, as on 'Into The Valley' where he knocks out some licks that will give Jimmy Page a few sleepless nights. The title track, meanwhile, which I singled out for particularly severe criticism in my live review, emerges here as a singularly thoughtful guitar exposition, moving through various moods and escalating changes, perfectly complemented by Wonderman Jupp.

Elsewhere, Samson demonstrates his versatility of approach, as in 'Burning Up' where he builds an arresting Hendrix-style soundscape of feedback swoops and howls. 'The Fight Goes On' opens with a refreshingly clean, clipped riff backed up by Jupp's cowbell, and if Ted Nugent wants to learn about penetration, then he should listen to Samson's rhythm stabs across the beat at the end of 'Front Page News' – they're like a bayonet ripping through the fabric of the song. 'Leaving Love (Behind)' features a fabulous riff – all bump and grind; Free would've been proud of this one. All in all, a splendid guitar performance. . .

Samson *have* been in the second division of Metal bands for too long, but if there's any justice this album will sell by the truckload and put the situation to rights. Make sure you don't miss it.

DAVID SINCLAIR

DIRE STRAITS
'Alchemy'
(Vertigo Very II)

THE DICTIONARY definition of alchemy is *'attempts to turn base metal into gold'*. With this double live album Dire Straits have redefined the term. They turn gold into *more* gold. The ten tracks here – all taken from one performance and without the benefit of 're-recordings or overdubs of any kind' – have already been certified gold whether as hit singles or tracks from the band's four multi-million selling albums. Now, as part of this definitive Straits collection, they confirm that Knopfler does indeed have the Midas touch.

I've never been a great fan of DS and am not likely to change now, but several of these tracks are marked for further plays on the old Dansette. 'Once Upon A Time In The West' has just got to be a classic, beating the much vaunted 'Sultans Of Swing' – a ragged, hurried version of which is included here – for sheer power and atmosphere. Like the other lengthy tracks, 'Once' . . .' is explored for all its dynamic possibilities; themes plumbed for variations. Together with 'Private Investigations' its descriptive qualities demand a visual accompaniment, so it's no surprise to find that 'Alchemy' – The Video is due for simultaneous release with 'Alchemy' – The Compact Disc, 'Alchemy' – The Chrome Tape and 'Alchemy' – The LP.

Seasoned sessioner Mel Collins adds wisps of saxophone to 'Two Young Lovers', but the centrepiece of the Straits' sound is, of course, Knopfler's fluid guitar lines which dominate extended versions of 'Telegraph Road' and 'Tunnel Of Love', though Alan Clarke's rippling piano passages and Terry Williams' solid drumming are prominent enough to put the group's indelible stamp on each track. As an ex-Rockpile member, Williams in particular understands the importance of a driving rhythm to Knopfler's Dylanesque songs with their reliance on minor keys.

The set concludes with the instrumental theme from the film, 'Local Hero', aptly titled 'Going Home'. Judging by the crowd response, this lot must have gone home very happy indeed.

PAUL ROLAND

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND
'Budapest'
(Bronze BRON 550)

IF 'SOMEWHERE IN AFRIKA' was aimed at a small group of politically motivated intellectuals, then 'Budapest' contents itself with 'merely' providing superb entertainment for the masses.

Recorded live behind the Iron Curtain last April, this is an album that will readily appeal to those who still find Asia, Moody Blues etc valid rock performers. All eight songs here are delivered with a marvellous grasp of texture, colour and shading – the hallmarks of consummate musicians.

Side One kicks off with the studied glow of Bruce Springsteen's 'Spirits In The Night', before giving way to the heavy pounding of 'Demolition Man' (penned by Sting). Yet another Springsteen track, 'For You', follows, balancing romanticism with edgy craftsmanship before the jumpalong gymnastics of 'Davy's On The Road Again' take to the airwaves.

The second segment opens with the anthemic 'Lies (Through The 80s)', then continues with a spectacular rendition of 'Blinded By The Light' (yep, *another* Springsteen instalment). Bob Marley's 'Redemption Song (No Kwazulu)' allows the simple juxtaposition of acoustic guitar, soulful vocals and delicate keyboard touches to build up a moving friese, while that hardy perennial, 'Mighty Quinn', brings everything to a memorable conclusion.

No, this is not an album likely to appeal to those whose taste doesn't extend beyond keratin-hardened Metallic sounds. However, there's no doubt that fans of Toto/ Foreigner and their ilk, looking for a Brit band capable of operating at the same high level, will find much to interest them on the 'Budapest' trail.

MALCOLM DOME

BRONZ
'Taken By Storm'
(Bronze BRON 547)

FROM SLICK, commercial pop/rock through to the roughest raunch 'n' roll, Bronz have all bases neatly covered. Moreover, they display a degree of style rarely found in new outfits, something that makes for exciting aural extravagance and prolonged conjecture with regard

CONTINUES OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

to their chances for major success. If Heavy Pettin are kings of a new found faith in British rock 'n' roll, then Bronz have already taken up the mantle of crown princes in this particular hierarchy.

Appropriately titled, 'Taken By Storm' is one of those records that sacrifices none of its naive aggression in the search for that little bit extra, something above and beyond the basic Heavy Metal drive. And, what's more, while deriving inspiration from a host of US acts, Bronz somehow manage to keep a grip on their own identity. Don't ask me how they do it for, under the harsh light of analysis, 'Send Down An Angel' is Touch outtake material even to the extent that vocalist Max Bacon perfectly apes Craig Brooks, whilst 'The Cold Truth' marries early Styx and Foreigner in a manner which even the most devious label mogul could never match.

Still, Bronz show consistent strength throughout the record and make pigs of themselves (had to get it in, Max!) during the totally bombastic 'Night Runner', the album's best number, the Aerosmithy 'Loneliness Is Mine' and also the title track, with its cute dynamic strokes guaranteed to bring a smile to your lips. The writing nucleus of guitarists Chris Goulstone/Shaun Kirkpatrick and bassist Paul Webb is decidedly hot-rodded in comparison with most teams, and the impeccable choice of covers, including the New England classic 'Don't Ever Wanna Lose Ya', shows that here is a band with plenty of suss.

All Bronz require is the ability to cut it live, then they'll have it made – but for now revel in the delights of a very fine debut!

HOWARD JOHNSON

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SCORPIONS
'Love At First Sting'
(Harvest SHSP 2400071)

AS BEFITS an album that has been well over a year in the making, 'Love At First Sting' is a finely-crafted and meticulously-produced presentation from Germany's biggest rock export, the perennially-boisterous Scorpions.

The strongest feature of this recording, as with previous Scorpions albums, is their ability to harness heavy rock power to the needs of sharply-focused melodies and well-defined vocal hooks. 'Rock You Like A Hurricane' and 'I'm Leaving You' cover all the bases. Rudy Schenker's strong, well-paced riffs, immediately tuneful in themselves, haul the listener's attention to the song, leaving singer Klaus Meine to clean up with his intelligent vocal lines and occasionally-muddled lyrics.

'Can I trust the meaning of the life line in my hand/Which is as long as exciting hundred years', he garbles in 'Crossfire' – an anti-war song built round Herman Rarebell's military snare-drum beat – but I guess we can work out what he means, and the sincerity of the Scorpions' feeling for rock'n'roll is a factor that shines through any language barrier. When Meine wants to sing about life as a Scorpion, you get the impression he'd find the words if he had to do it in Swahili.

'Coming Home' is a classic 'life on the road' song that perfectly sums up the band's yearning, even after all these years, to go out and play the music so dear to their hearts. Combining a jackhammer belt of speed with a distinctly poignant melody, it's the album's standout track. Gentle acoustic (?) guitar introduces a sleepy Meine, dreaming about getting back on the road, and then, thanks to the miracle of the phonographic recording, he is instantly transported there by a thunderous surge of power-guitar and drums. *'We go wherever you like/To rock and roll!'* he yelps with unsuppressed enthusiasm, as guitarist Matthias Jabs leaps in with another Warp Factor Six solo.

The rhythm section, bassist Francis Buchholz and drummer Herman Rarebell, make a tremendous contribution. Buchholz, in particular, is the kind of player often overlooked because of the sheer cohesiveness of his playing. But he is *my* kind of bassist. Totally unfussy, he's always one hundred per cent on the beat, a completely reliable guide to the pulse, underpinning the Scorpions' sound with the kind of weight that virtuoso bass players often lack. Rarebell too keeps it simple, something that gives songs like 'Bad Boys Running Wild' and 'Big City Nights' a backbone stronger than Geoff Capes'. Exemplary work.

'As Soon As The Good Times Roll' has an interesting rhythmic structure, all chopped rhythm chords, half-time drum beats and a strong chorus, while the album closes with a slow romantic ballad, 'Still Loving You', which builds to a powerful climax.

Despite various unpursued experiments in the early stages of recording, 'Love At First Sting', produced by the redoubtable Dieter Dierks, has emerged finally as a typical, nut-rattling Scorpions recording. It'll rock you like a hurricane.

DAVID SINCLAIR

RATT
'Out Of The Cellar'
(Atlantic 7801431 Import)

FURTHER PROOF that recording your own EP works, Ratt have moved on from their 'shades of Aerosmith' debut – released over here by the evidently smart Music For Nations – to a big time deal with Atlantic. Strangely, this album hasn't yet been scheduled for a UK release, but its US appearance should establish a profile for these furry little fellows.

Produced by Beau Hill, 'Out Of The Cellar' moves away from the shadow of Aerosmith into an area of rather more cultured brutality. Hill – remember him as a member of Amanda Blue's Shanghai? – has created an excellent biting sound, highlighted by a wonderfully edgy guitar profile, but on the negative side he's not so good with vocal hooks; as a result, the icing's dripping down the side of the cake rather than firmly rooted on top. For all their savagery, Ratt *are* an HR band writing good songs, and a more sympathetic ear might have served them a little better.

But the rock content is a major part of the package, and with much density of decibels Ratt are clearly going for broke right from the start. The sleazy strength of Stephen Pearcy's vocals is just right for the dangerous cutting edge of the band, stylish but definitely street-wise, while Robbin Crosby and Warren de Martini wield their guitars like switchblades on a dark night. Ratts evidently *do* go for the throat. . .

'You're In Trouble' and 'Back For More' both make victorious returns, re-recordings from that debut EP. The latter's haunting intro with its chiming, acoustic warmth remains a classic opening and it's a real shame that the hook doesn't reach the heights that it might – the idea is glorious but the production fails to capitalise on it. Don't get me wrong, it sounds great but could and *should* have been absolutely shattering, and the same is true of 'You're In Trouble'.

Even the more commercially vital 'Morning After' and 'Round & Round' suffer the same shortcoming, and it's a tribute to the band's frontline and crunching rhythm section that they remain great tracks nonetheless. The whole album bubbles with energy and strength, a hard rock killer with the muscle to displace any mere HM pretenders, and that's as much to producer Hill's credit as the unfulfilled hooks are to his debit. Ratt don't like to hang about wimping out when there's another adrenalin rush of riffing just around the corner, and the energy they pack into this neatly disguised sonic letterbomb is surely destined to reap them rich rewards.

PAUL SUTER

THE ALARM
'Declaration'
(I.R.S. IRSA 7044)

ROCK 'N' ROLL is. . . well, it's rock 'n' roll; just cos your first love may be Heavy Metal, it doesn't mean that all outside the banner should be dismissed out of hand! Ya think HM has the monopoly on power 'n' passion, dontcha?! Well think again, buster, and coppa lugload of 'Declaration' – not punk, not pop and not HM, just a riotous rock 'n' roll celebration in any mutha's terminology. Don't miss out on this statement of intent!

Visually, the Alarm have a grand foil for these here anthemic musical actions, *outlandos de* Rock with a gun-toting John Wayne stance. Go down fighting for sure, but this particular four-piece should be here to stay on the strength of this debut.

'Declaration' itself sets the tone immediately, the acoustic axes commencing at a peak of cacophony before segueing into 'Marching On', a breast-beating anthem for our times with passion in every Mike Peters' vocal line and strength in every backing scream – a toon of top quality. And that's only the beginning!

I'm not sure if the Alarm have any answers to their teenage anger, but at least it's led to some tremendous creativity ending up in these here grooves. What *true* rock lover can argue with 'Where Were You Hiding When The Storm Broke', or 'Sixty Eight Guns'. . . or any of 'Declaration's' numbers? Try to pin 'em down? You're barking up the wrong tree, John, cos you'll find the Beatles, the Clash, Bob Dylan and The Who in there, along with a whole host of other notions and ideas.

Each song is its own man, there's no repetition, no cloning. If it's passion ya want, then check out 'Shout To The Devil' (complete with Mötley Crüe-style backing vocals, I jest not!), 'Blaze Of Glory' or 'Howling Wind', and you can't fail to be impressed.

HOWARD JOHNSON

ROGER DALTREY
'Parting Should Be Painless'
(WEA International 25 0298)

RECENT APPEARANCES on the Gloria Hunniford chat show and Leo Sayer's television showcase underline the fact that Roger Daltrey now operates within a completely difference *milieu* from his days as vocalist with the Who. At one time, along with Robert Plant, Daltrey was the archetypal aggressive singer fronting *the* high-energy rock band of the Sixties.

With the disbanding of the Who, his transition to the world of the mainstream singer/entertainer is complete, and on this album he surefootedly treads a path that runs squarely down the middle of the rock road, vying for position with high-gloss quality performers like Elkie Brooks, Judie Tzuke, perhaps even Leo Sayer himself.

And it must be said he does it with considerable aplomb. Nine carefully-chosen songs (none of them written by Daltrey himself), flawlessly produced and played with ultra-professional ease, reveal a reflective Daltrey, more concerned with building mood and atmosphere than sounding off in anger. 'Don't Wait On The Stairs', 'Somebody Told Me' (a Eurythmics song) and 'Is Anybody Out There' all glide through a range of evocative moods shored up by the echoing guitar of Chris Spedding and the varied drumming of Alan Schwartzberg.

Indeed, the latter makes a strong contribution throughout, particularly on 'Don't Wait On The Stairs', where, along with Blockhead bassist Norman Watt-Roy, he builds a Talking Heads-style rhythm adding a range of percussive effects towards the end.

Instrumentally, though, the songs are more generally framed by elaborate string arrangements and the mellifluous tenor sax of Michael Brecker. 'Looking For You', 'One Day' and 'How Does The Cold Wind Cry' are all lush, 'tasteful' songs with a distinct Radio 2 touch. Daltrey himself sings with care and precision rather than raunch or passion. Easy listening for the generation with whom he grew up.

The single, 'Walking In My Sleep', is a memorable song with a sparse arrangement and bouncy chord changes, while 'Parting Should Be Painless' and Brian Ferry's 'Going Strong' are also more lively, the latter featuring some powerful piano from Mickey Gallagher. But the overall impression remains that of a rock 'n' roller gone to pastures new. A present for your Mum, perhaps.

DAVID SINCLAIR

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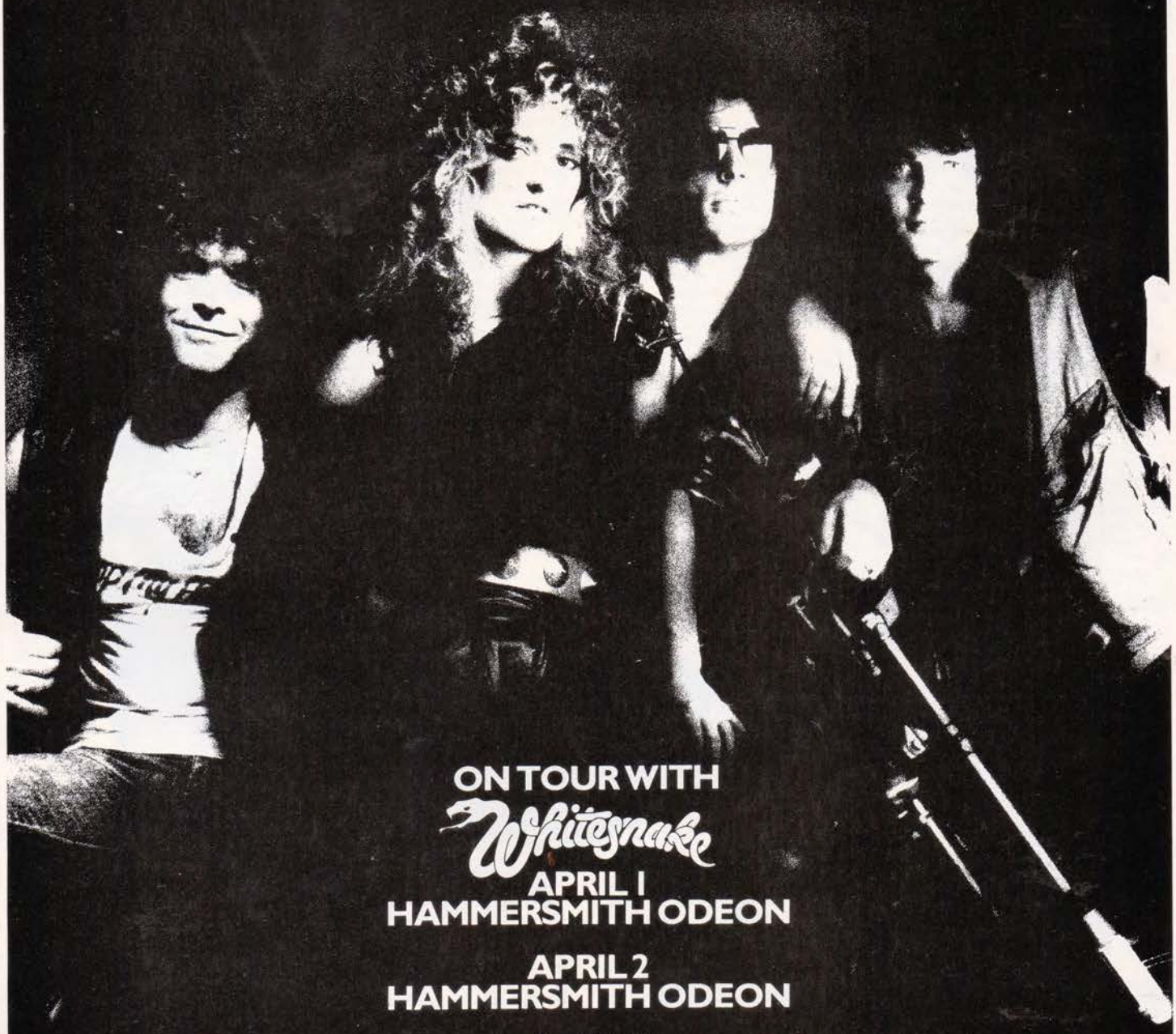

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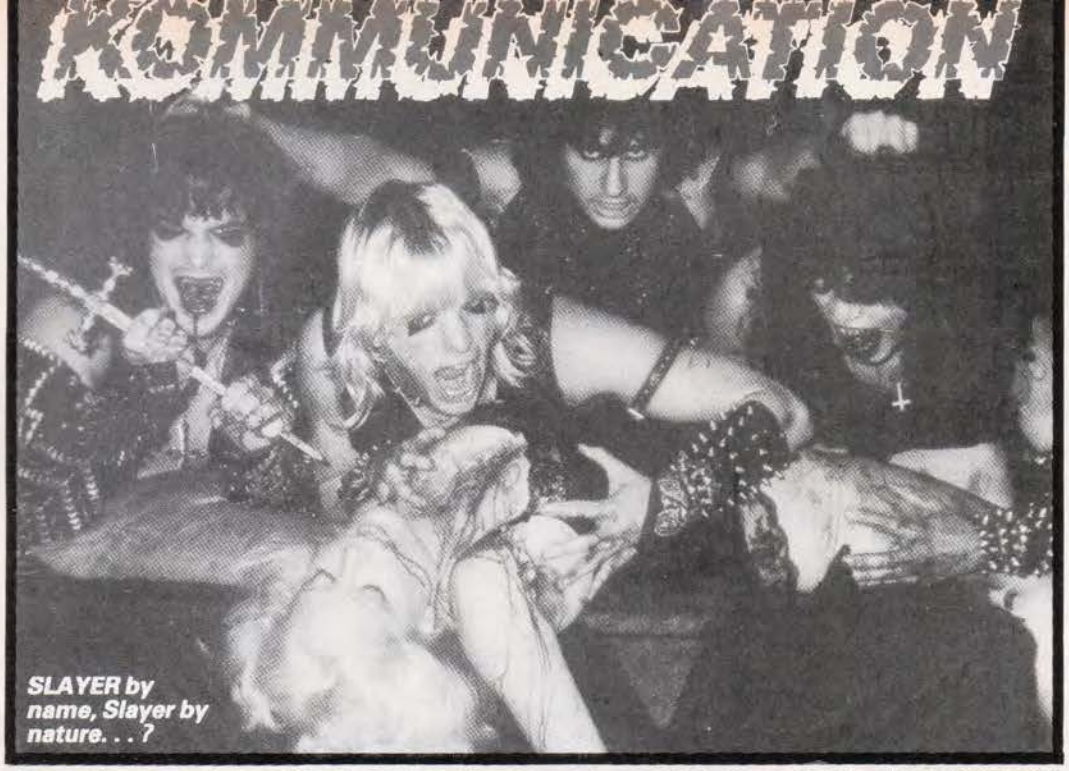

SLAYER by name, Slayer by nature. . . ?

Send your kaustic kritiques to* Kerrang!, *Kommunication, 40 Long Acre, London WC2

MERCILESS SLAUGHTER
SO, DAVE DICKSON hated Slayer's 'Show No Mercy' album (see review, issue 62). Well, I've a few things to point out to Mr. Dickson.

Firstly, he claims that the band members are attempting to out-do each other in a frantic race towards the end of each track. This, though, is what some of us call the generation of real musical power. It's because they possess this ability that Slayer are among the most powerful Metal acts around.

Secondly, Dickson says he's a mite tired of bands who sing about the devil. Why? Isn't a song about evil and Satan equally as valid as any other subject matter used by modern rock bands?

Finally, the LP is dismissed with the words: 'this is crap – pure, unadulterated junk'. OK, so could someone explain to me why it's doing pretty well in *Kerrang!'s* own chart?!

Dave Dickson should think a lot harder before writing off good bands like Slayer. **Jason L, A Dedicated Slayer Freak, London.**

KEEP IT BRITISH
ISN'T IT about time bands and journalists alike realised ENGLAND doesn't represent the entire BRITISH ISLES?!

In his review of *'The Rolling Stone Encyclopedia Of Rock 'N' Roll'* (issue 61), Paul Roland claimed that because of its contents this book wouldn't be too appealing to *English fans* whereas he obviously meant *British fans.* Moreover, the likes of Manowar, Scorpions, Saxon and Def Leppard have all mistakenly referred to recent UK tours as purely English ones.

What's the matter? Are the Welsh, Irish and Scots so inferior that people can't mention them in the same breath as the English? When you mean *Britain,* say *Britain,* OK? **Stan's Tortured Toe & Hilda's Middle Goose, Scotland.**

LIVE & DANGEROUS
AT LAST the gods have seen fit to unleash a great new album on the world.

There are few masterpieces in modern music, but there's no doubt 'The Rods Live' is one of them. In truth it's the *only* recent live album to match such classics as 'No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith' (Motorhead) or 'Live Evil' (Black Sabbath).

The Rods have been through troubled times, but they've survived and all lovers of Metal excellence should offer up a prayer for their continued success. **A Rabid 'Wild Dog', Metal Mike, Sieminski, Brockton, MA, USA.**

BIBLE 'BANGERS
CONTRARY TO what you may have been told, Heavy Metal is most certainly alive and well in the so-called 'Bible Belt' of the southern United States.

I run a three-hour radio show every Friday night in Alabama called *'The Heavy Metal Experience'.* The likes of Mötley Crüe, Judas Priest, Kiss, Saxon and even Venom are hugely popular down here. Sure, there are an awful lot of warped Christians around this part of the USA. They turn out in force at any HM concert to try and 'save some souls'. But Heavy Metal lives on, despite such objectionable interference. **Allen (Ace) Johnson, Heavy Metal Mercenary, Radio Station WVUA-FM, University of Alabama, 35486, USA.**

BUSH-WIRE (1)
I KNOW you won't give a damn, but you've just lost one more reader.

You see, I care about Metal music and really couldn't believe the contents of issue 62. Rick Springfield, John Cougar Mellencamp and Wendy O. Williams were bad enough, but the inclusion of Kate Bush was the final straw. I'd not even describe her as a *rock* artist, let alone a *heavy* performer.

But this is just the tip of the iceberg. Most *Kerrang!* reviewers I've found are hopeless at accurately assessing an album because they've no idea what constitutes good rock music.

It was a sad day for me when I decided to give up on *Kerrang!,* but really and truly can you still claim to offer the HM fan value for money? **Steve.**

BUSH-WIRE (2)
AT LAST my goddess has made it into the hallowed pages of *Kerrang!* I opened issue 62 and there she was – Kate Bush. Finally, you've seen the light. A talent like hers should never be overlooked. And, much as it might surprise some bigots, she *is* popular with heavy rock fans.

So a big thanks to Mick Wall and Ray Palmer for doing such an excellent job on this most lovely of ladies. **Andy MacDougall, Easter Creeks, Lossiemouth, Moray.**

BLOWING UP A STORM
I RECENTLY saw Hawkwind in concert and felt compelled to write in and tell the world just how great they were. Sure, the turn-out wasn't fantastic, but both their light show and sound were truly 'cosmic'.

These guys walk all over crap like Twisted Sister, so how about giving them some much deserved space in the magazine? **Jane, Lytham St. Anns, Lancashire.**

INJECT THE VENOM
IT SEEMS that at this moment in time the 'in-thing' is to slag off Venom. Well, those readers who've taken such a stance must be insane.

Anybody who has taken the time to listen to a Venom track will realise instantly that they've got stunning potential. Their blistering approach is unique, surpassing anything Iron Maiden will ever achieve.

Sure, their lyrics are perhaps *too* Satanic, but who cares when the music is so strong?! So, let's see more Venom in *Kerrang!* and rather less of such awful garbage as Maiden. **Fred Tyrie, Kempston, Bedford.**

ROUGH DEAL
WELL, WELL, so Spider have managed to get a deal with A&M, eh? Somebody there obviously needs their ears examined. Let's face it, Spider are among the worst bands ever to crawl over the planet.

Their latest single, 'Here We Go Rock 'N' Roll', sounds like a cross between the Smurfs and the Glitter Band and their entire live act is a rip-off of Quo/Slade.

So, don't waste your space and our time writing features on such crap when more deserving bands such as Terraplane and Stray are totally ignored. **Steve, Luton, Bedfordshire.**

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THIN LIZZY	8	5	2	9	1	1	1	—
UFO	1	6	—	5	1	2	2	1
WHITESNAKE	4	8	4	9	2	2	2	1
YES	2	2	2	3	—	1	—	1
QUEEN	6	5	4	10	—	1	1	1

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MICHAEL DES BARRES: one-time glam rock hero . . . but with which band?

KWIZZ!

KONNOISSEURS' KORNER . . . . This issue's quiz is strictly for the purists, the seekers after the obscure and the cheapskates who can only afford deletions.

YOUR SCORE:

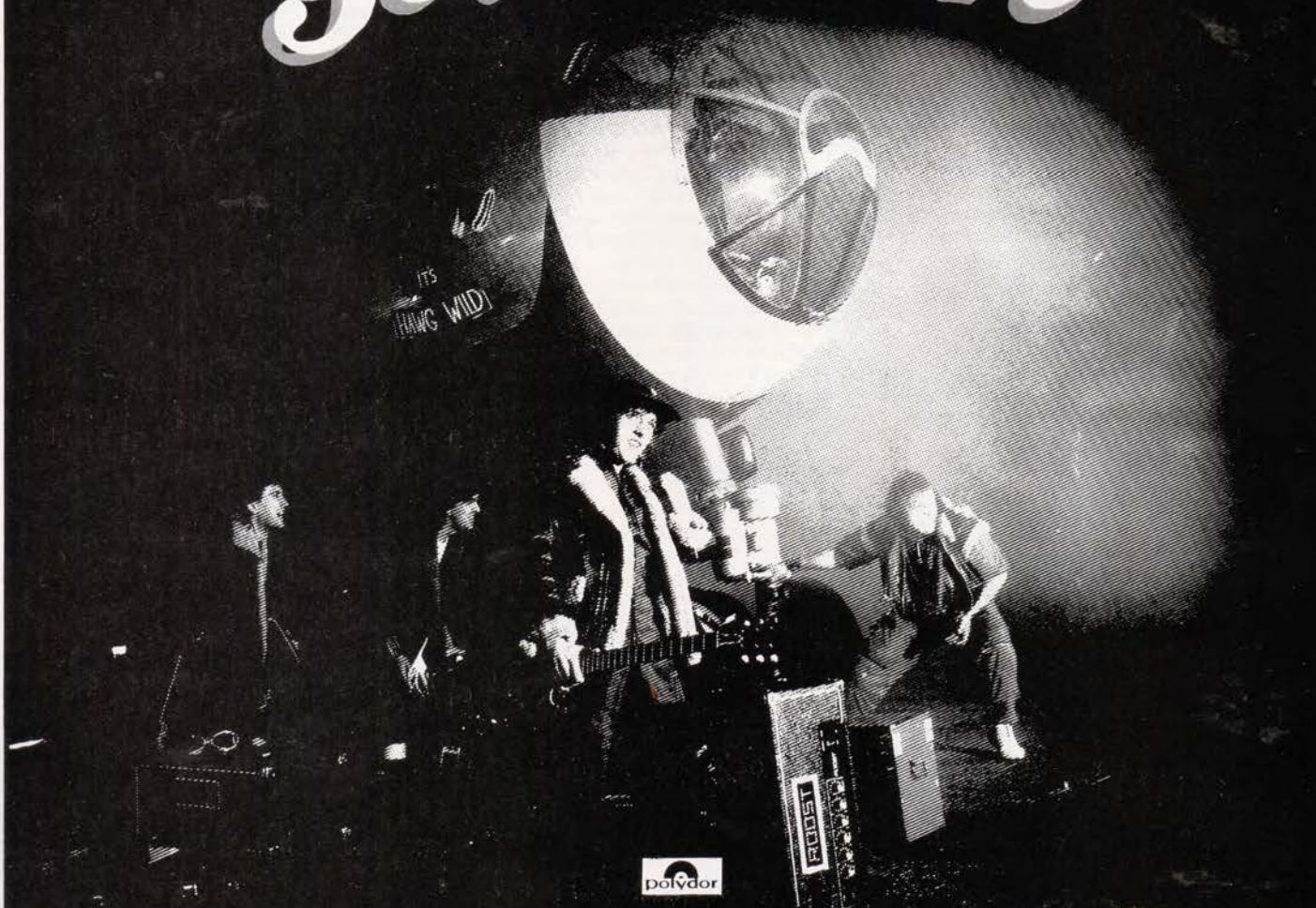
0–5: Stick to Quo.
6–15: A reasonably rare effort
16–20: Well done, Arthur Negus!

1 Name the legendary 1977 AC/DC promo album that has never been commercially released.
2 In 1963 the Yardbirds cut an album with a legendary American blues star. Who was he?
3 On which Wishbone Ash LP would you find the track 'The Streets of Shame'?
4 Which band dubbed themselves 'Rock 'N' Roll Gypsies' on their debut LP?
5 Who produced Grand Funk's highly collectable 'Good Singin' Good Playin' ' LP?
6 Which one hit wonders cut an LP called 'Sweet Silence'?
7 Name the glam rock band fronted by Michael des Barres.
8 Which Aerosmith album featured the 'Sick As A Dog' track?
9 Name the 'Biblical' band fronted by ex-Yardbirds' vocalist, Keith Relf.
10 Which band dubbed themselves the 'Violent Breed'?
11 On which LP did Kiss offer 'Room Service'?
12 Who was the featured vocalist on Night Ranger's 'Midnight Madness' set?
13 'The Ark' is an album cut by a reformed Sixties band. Name them.
14 Which semi-legendary band was made up of Jeanette Chase, Lear Stevens, David Devon amd Ronni Hansen?
15 Which legendary band took a journey to the centre of the mind?
16 Who was the vocalist with Cactus?
17 'In A Gadda Da Vida' is often cited as a Konnoisseurs' Klassic. But do you remember the band?
18 Which continental band released an early LP called 'Painkillers'?
19 . . . and which band 'flirted with disaster'?
20 Which US band took that famous Nantucket Sleighride?

ANSWERS: ***1*** *'Live From The Atlantic Studios' **2** Sonny Boy Williamson **3** 'Twin Barrels Burning' **4** Spider **5** Frank Zappa **6** Mr Big **7** Silverhead **8** 'Rocks' **9** Armageddon **10** Rox **11** 'Dressed To Kill' **12** Jack Blades **13** The Animals **14** Storm **15** The Amboy Dukes **16** Rusty Day **17** Iron Butterfly **18** Krokus **19** Molly Hatchet **20** Mountain.*

SAMSON

Don't Get Mad Get Even



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NEW ALBUM & CASSETTE

DAME buster!

ANATOMY OF A ROCKAROLLA. PART ONE – THE TEMPEST.

Onstage he's a torrid tyrant. A hazy, crazy, string-driven thing, bending and bulging under the strain of conscious electrical fervour. One man and his guitar – a tale of temper.

ANATOMY OF A ROCKAROLLA. PART TWO – THE BREEZE.

Offstage he's a masseur. A gentle giant swathed in golden nobility; articulate, intelligent and enthusiastic. One man and his mind – a tale of temperance.

You've read it before and doubtless it'll be repeated on many subsequent occasions, but it bears repetition – there's a distinct Jekyll & Hyde quality about 'The Rock Star'. In public he consorts with megalomania, whilst privately. . . well Adrian (Adje) Vandenberg fits the bill perfectly. As strategist for the finest rockarolla starfleet regiment to emerge from Holland since early Golden Earring, the guitarist has learnt to live on the border between fantasy and reality, prepared to punch his passport at either check-point depending on the circumstances.

Fortunately, as he stretched out his lengthy frame in the New York offices of VB's record company Atlantic, it rapidly became obvious that Vandenberg The Nice Guy was in residence. The band that proudly bears his name had just completed an American tour with Kiss and he was feeling rather satisfied with events . . .

"Yeah, we had fun playing with Kiss. We were getting across to a whole new audience most nights. A lot of kids were so young. The average age I'd say was something like 12-13 years. To some extent we had to re-think our whole approach, which is no bad thing because the more experience you get, the better your performances should become. Playing to Kiss fans made us more aware of how important the entire structure and delivery of our set is.

"We did a lot of material from our second album, 'Heading For A Storm', and it got a good reaction."

RIGHT, let's delve into the eye of the '. . . Storm' a little. On a purely commercial level, 'HFAS' seems to have been something of a Stateside flop. At least in comparative terms. Last year's debut, self-titled Vandenberg LP not only made a considerable impact on the Yank Top 100, but also spawned a hit single in 'Burning Heart'. This time around, however, there's scarcely any sign of 'Heading . . .' causing a flutter, let alone blowing up a force nine hurricane on the charts front, though the mighty Clog Clanker seemed unruffled by this turn of events.

"I think you've got to take into account the differences in timing as far as the two albums go. Last year, the LP was already out by the time we went on tour. And 'Burning Heart' was picking up airplay, looking likely to be a hit. This year, though, we played live shows without the backing of having the new album in the shops, so people are only just beginning to take to the songs.

"We deliberately set out to make this album different to the last one. You see, as a band, Vandenberg's sound will always fall somewhere between out-and-out Heavy Metal and a more melodic approach. I know it's always a risk tampering with a formula that's proven and it would have been the easiest thing in the world for us to have followed the principles of the first LP. But there are too few bands around these days prepared to go out on a limb.

"Of course, we all understand that experimenting with an established sound can lose any band a lot of fans, but those sort of fair-weather followers aren't worth trying to please anyway. My philosophy is simple: I'm trying to set positive standards that don't reflect the usual 'sheep' mentality of the record industry.

"I know we're very lucky to be signed to a record company like Atlantic. We've been allowed to follow our instincts with scarcely any interference from them at all. They believe in what we're doing which is all any band can ask for. Naturally, Atlantic expect success, and the fact that Vandenberg is something of an experimental outfit puts a lot of pressure on us to deliver the goods, but I'm not so sure that's a bad thing. Pressure has a way of keeping you on your toes, right?"

MUCH OF this onus inevitably falls on the broad shoulders of the guitarist. For, not only is he the main band spokesman, he also pens all the songs.

"I don't write all the material because I'm something of an egomaniac, it just evolved naturally. Everyone puts their own ideas into a number, but it's become obvious over the years that I write best for the Vandenberg sound.

"As a lyricist, I think I'm improving all the time as well. My English has got better because I've spent so much time in either America or England. But I rarely try to preach to people in a song. There's too much of that going on with other bands. My numbers hopefully are antidotes to all the violence and devilry that currently seems to dominate heavy rock material."

'Heading For A Storm' was recorded in just 20 days at Jimmy Page's studio in Surrey, with Stuart Epps acting as both co-producer and engineer – the same combination of place and personnel as for 'Vandenberg'.

"We get on well with Stuart. He acts as an outside pair of ears. To be honest, we'd find it impossible to do the production side of things on our own. Stuart gives us objectivity. I mean, can you imagine what it would be like if I had to do a guitar solo and then play it back immediately? We need to work with someone who has the ability to stand back and view the whole project whilst still being in tune with what we want to achieve.

"This is one band that likes to work in the studio. Spontaneity is a vital part of our sound; I'm sure that those bands who spend months at a time trying to perfect every last drum beat lose a lot of energy on the final product. You get bored after a time in the studio and this attitude then comes through in the finished mix."

IMMEDIATE PLANS for the band include the likelihood of European dates, with a return visit to the UK (they were last here in late '82, supporting MSG) high on the agenda.

"I'm pissed off that we've not managed to get back to Britain. Last year we worked hard to try and get on the Reading Festival bill, but things didn't quite fall as we hoped they would. But we'll be back before the end of '84."

It's rather ironic that, despite the band's failure to make an appearance onstage in Britain during '83, Castle Donington was very nearly the scene of Vandenberg's demise! For, as has been reported briefly in the past, Adrian was in fact a strong contender for Whitesnake honours when Micky Moody departed from the group.

"It just so happens that the very idea of playing in the same band as David Coverdale, Cozy Powell, Neil Murray and Jon Lord would be like a dream come true for me. They are among my favourite musicians. What happened was that I bumped into David when he was in Utrecht last year. I'd heard reports that he liked my guitar style and was very flattered at having such a talented guy as an admirer. But I was flabbergasted when he asked me if I'd like to join Whitesnake. Anyway, I saw him again at Donington after Vandenberg had toured in the US and he repeated the offer.

"I have to admit I was very tempted to say 'yes' and gave the matter very serious consideration. As I said, the chance of playing with such great musicians really, really appealed to me. In the end, though, I decided to stick with the other guys in Vandenberg (drummer Jos Zoomer, vocalist Bert Heerink and bassist Dik Kemper). We've all worked so hard with this band that to throw it up, even for a gig with Whitesnake, seemed such a waste.

"And I've no regrets about my decision. I believe in Vandenberg and what we're trying to do. All of us are having so much fun right now and our time is rapidly approaching, you just wait and see."

ADRIAN VANDENBERG (right) streams forth. MALCOLM DOME goes with the flow

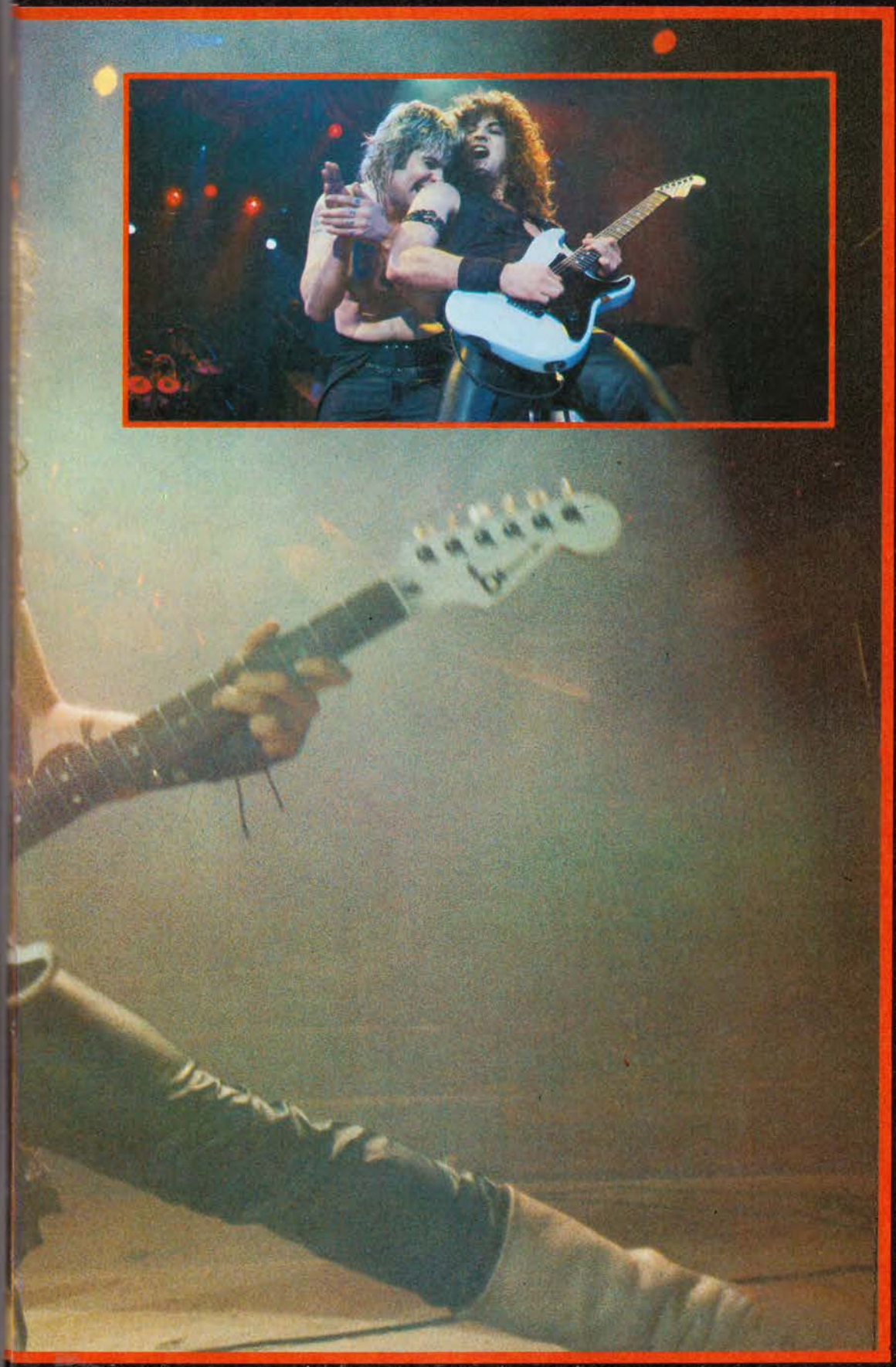
Pic Ross Halfin

ONCE UPON A TIM

DANTE BONUTTO takes cover as Ozzy guitarist JAKE E. LEE gives it his best

E IN THE WEST...

hot. Pix ROSS HALFIN.



WHY ISN'T there a female Eddie Van Halen?

To be honest, I'm not sure and neither is Ozzy Osbourne band guitarist Jake E. Lee. It may not be one of the great eternal questions (Who Am I? Why am I here? etc), but we're facing each other across poached eggs and blueberry muffins at six in the morning and this, for better or worse, is the topic under discussion . . .

Out on the streets and avenues, it's cold enough to make sunbathing by the light of the fridge a reasonable (and warmer) alternative, but within the New York 'deli' the coffee – a reliable, if tasteless, anti-freeze – is hitting all the right spots and our mutual hot air has finally condensed into a decision. Here it comes; in three syllables. . . *agg-ress-shon.* Yup, that's it, the Lee/Bonutto 'noballs' theory as to why (in conjunction, I'm sure, with a welter of text book terminology) the Guitar Heroine as such doesn't really exist.

To illustrate the point, hold onto your small change while I take the handbrake off the Tardis, whisk back the clock a full 12 hours and set you down in Boston, a concert hall to be precise, where an audience several thousand strong has just levelled its sights and gone over the top. First had come Waysted, twice the band that flapped and flopped so aimlessly on Dio's UK tour last year (see *Mayhem* for an update on this situation), then Mötley Crüe, forcing those assembled to suck in breath and raise chins in an effort to escape a tidal wave of tack.

Backbones bolstered by platinum success (their second, 'Shout At The Devil' LP has now reached this coveted status), their set proved a heady/hedonistic concoction of gross-out raps, crowd-pleasing antics and lustful locomotive rock 'n' roll, dead-legged guitarist Mick Mars (likened by Ozzy to Jiminy Cricket!) providing the basis for a sound heavy on spit and light on polish. . .

Yeah, I know it's Ozzy plus band we're here to see and aggression is the subject on the agenda. . . but let's not rush. Time enough to claim a frontrow

CONTINUES OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

pedestal and sway back and forth in the crossfire of emotion – apprehension and anticipation, fear and longing, pain and pleasure. And, as darkness comes to pass, uncertainty. . .

IN AMERICA, the shadow of Ozzy's reputation looms ahead of him long and dark. People are worried. People with pets are losing hair and people of a religious persuasion are putting Kojak out of business. These, y'see, are serious goings-on.

When the curtain parts, revealing a large staircase, a caped figure standing at its head, back to the audience, wreathed in trails of smoke, it's not just a piece of soulless showbiz. When the figure turns and raises his arms, extending the cloak in a huge sweeping arc, and the bats flanking the foot of the steps respond in kind, a certain illicit thrill crackles above darting heads still seeking the optimum line of vision. And when the figure, clad in black and silver, parades down the stairs, the *Carmina Burana* intro tape leaving this Bela Lugosi/Busby Berkeley fusion with the faintest whiff of *Old Spice*, you sense a nagging doubt, an inkling that Ozzy (for it is he) might really have room to let upstairs, that the Dean Martin of rock, "a liver rather than a thinker" by his own admission, might just be about to realise the prophecies of the press . . . you wonder, and in that moment you're hooked, your ticket punched for the careering crazy train express. ALL ABOARD!!!

In fact, the whole production isn't as grand as the one the Ozzy camp originally had in mind (see interview, issue 54), but demanding of the term spectacular nonetheless. During the 'Mr Crowley' intro, for example, keyboards hand Don Airey rises from the depths of the stage like a demonic cinema organist, taking his place alongside drummer Carmine Appice (now replaced by Tommy Aldridge) at the top of the steps. Above them, meanwhile, a sort of warped Walt Disney show spreads across the back screen, a series of symbolic, satanic projections synched perfectly with the music.

'Bark At The Moon' soon follows (the album of the same name is Ozzy's first post-Sabs offering to go silver in the UK), the edgy guitar riff conjuring up a projected night sky and the red-eyed stare of the man-wolf, the faithful being further dis-orientated by some carefully out-of-control lighting manoeuvres and the eventual appearance of a fully armoured knight (hello, Tony!) offering liquid sustenance and, according to a sign on his back, certain suction-orientated services as well.

The increasingly topical 'Revelation Mother Earth' is accompanied by more crazy lighting, a suitably bellicose backdrop – jarring images of death, war and the technology of destruction – and the appearance of a good many hoisted lighters, 'candles' offered up in the name of common sense, while 'Forever' gives the cue for a posse of rogue monks, followers of the order of St Ozbert The Unhinged, possibly defrocked, unquestionably deranged, to shuffle dutifully across the stage. And there's more . . .

'Flying High Again' gives the bats a chance to stretch their wings, 'Crazy Train' heralds a cascade of dry ice, the overflow from some unseen upstairs cauldron, and Carmine wets his palms for a solo that retains the luminous stick-twirling and the 'yo, yo, yo' chanting displayed on the last UK tour, though this time around the staircase parts Red Sea-style allowing the whole kit to descend then return aloft. In fact, the sole non-savoury morsel is 'Paranoid' which, though now and forever a great song, is fast becoming a rather stale and predictable way of signalling The End. Time gen'lmen, pleeze. . .

SITUATED stage left, bassist Bob Daisley goes about his work with little fuss or frolic, more a diluted spirit than a bubbling sprite, and it's Jake who proves a more compatible, chain-rattling foil to the centrestage antics of the ol' ghoul-keeper himself, still adamant incidentally that Margaret Thatcher is a "lovely looking woman; I've got her picture on me bedroom wall. . . "

The Welsh/Japanese guitarist may not have been too lively on the British tour – the result of going onstage in Kensington Market 'stacks' (see Dave Dickson) – but now, walking easy in a pair of German springheels and with his notoriously dodgy eyesight shored up by a set of much-needed 'contacts', he's constantly on the up and up, turning his side of the stage, to quote the Ozz, "into a party", aggression very much the spine of his performance. Which brings us back to the point in question. . .

Away from the spotlight, Jake is quiet, reserved and eminently reasonable. But, once onstage, features wrinkle, instinct takes over and hands, visibly sprouting hair around the palms, slash furiously at strings that occasionally take it upon themselves to quit the screaming and bite back. Just prior to the gig in Boston, for instance, splatters of blood were ceremonially wiped from his pale blue and white hot-rodded guitars, the strings having sliced his hand like a cheese-wire the night before.

"I don't know how Don (Costa) can cut himself up with that 'grater," he puzzles, gingerly eyeing his wound of woargh!, "this hurts like hell!"

Onstage, encouraged by a crowd hungry for escapist action, frustration and pent up pressure are visibly, viciously worked out on an instrument which, like the drums, is essentially aggressive – hence the term 'axe'. Indeed, this would seem to be the reason why a young Jakey Lou Williams took the thing up in the first place. Having little or no interest in the milder side of his organ ("When I pick up an acoustic guitar I start playing pretty things, and I don't like pretty things"), he opts for a technique forged in blood and iron, an approach that has its roots in a tough San Diego neighbourhood . . .

"I had a really sheltered life all through Grade School, but the first year I was at Junior High I got jumped three times, the third time by 12 guys who beat the crap out of me.

"I started hanging out with a lot of bikers and people like that, though soon after I picked up the guitar. When that happened, I quit going out at night, getting drunk and having fights cos it seemed like a big waste of time; I ended up staying in Friday and Saturday nights practising and I think a lot of my aggression came out that way."

THAT GREAT philosopher of our times, Ace Frehley, once claimed that his life was saved by rock 'n' roll and, without wishing to over-dramatise the situation, the same may well be the case with Jake. It's true that his introduction onstage tends to run along the lines of "Sweet little Jake E. Lee" or "Dear old Jake E. Lee", and that the knife in his belt is now reserved mainly for 'customising' freshly acquired T-shirts, but a lot of his old biker friends are now doing wheelies in the great beyond and he himself used to be quite a case . . .

"I had a reputation around a certain time for being a pretty good fighter and I let it get to my head. I used to be a really big asshole and pick fights with people . . . one day I was walking down the corridor at school and there was this little kid who looked like nothing coming in the other direction. Anyway, he didn't get out of my way fast enough so I gave him a hard knock. He said 'excuse me' and started picking up his books. I said 'excuse *you?!*' and I kicked him . . . at which point he beat the s**t out of me in front of all my friends. I had it coming, though, and that's when I decided to quit fighting . . . I don't think girls grow up like that."

It strikes me that in many ways (and here we come to the Lee/Bonutto theory Mk II, referred to hereafter as the Roy Rogers' Syndrome) the guitar hero is the modern day equivalent of the shootist, the wild west gunslinger who did what had to be done before it was done to him.

The mode of dress is certainly the same – the leather trousers and waistcoat, the endless knotted hankies, the walking jangle and the overriding, cherished preference for clothes black in hue and tight in fit. And then there's that convex swagger, the cocksure, die-with-your-boots-on stance of the moody maverick, an imagery Motorhead dabbled with *circa* 'Ace Of Spades' but, whereas they seemed to occupy the greasy 'ya wanna buy my seester?' end of the market and ZZ Top come across as affable town dudes, the likes of, say, Joe Perry or Jimmy Crespo have an altogether more natural

JAKE E. LEE: "I used to be a really big asshole . . ."

CONTINUES PAGE 41

ON THE BOIL.

OUT TO kill are the latest New York outfit to enter the 'Thrash Metal' stakes – Anthrax. The band's debut album, 'Fistful Of Metal' (produced by Carl Canedy), has been showing up rather well in the *Kerrang!* chart, alongside Van Halen, Whitesnake *et al.*

The group's present line-up is Scott Ian (rhythm guitar), Dan Spitz (lead guitar), Neil Turbin (vocals), Frank Bello (bass) and Charlie Bernante (drums). Bello is a recent addition having replaced Dan Lilker who handles the bass lines on the aforementioned LP.

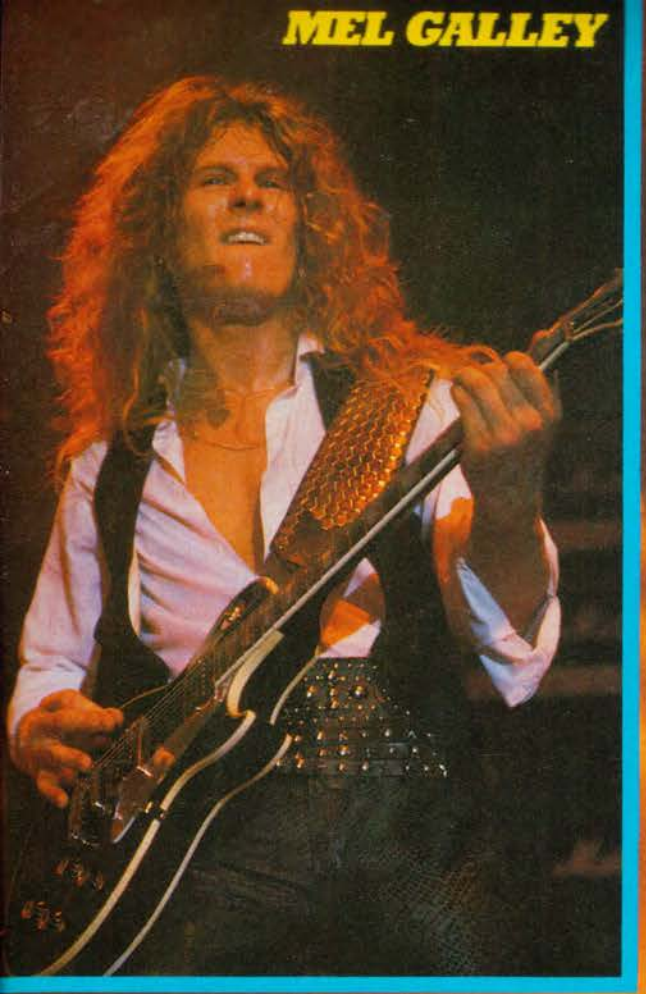
"Basically, it was an amicable split," says Ian. "Musical differences were to blame. He's now formed a new band called Nuclear Assault. Frank was one of our roadies."

Anthrax (who take their name from a plague which infected cows during Biblical Egyptian times) are currently preparing for a 40-date US tour, on which they plan to use 36 Marshall cabinets and metallic stage armour. So, get vaccinated before the plague strikes *your* town!

XAVIER RUSSELL

DAN SPITZ (ANTHRAX)

Pic Kevin Hodapp

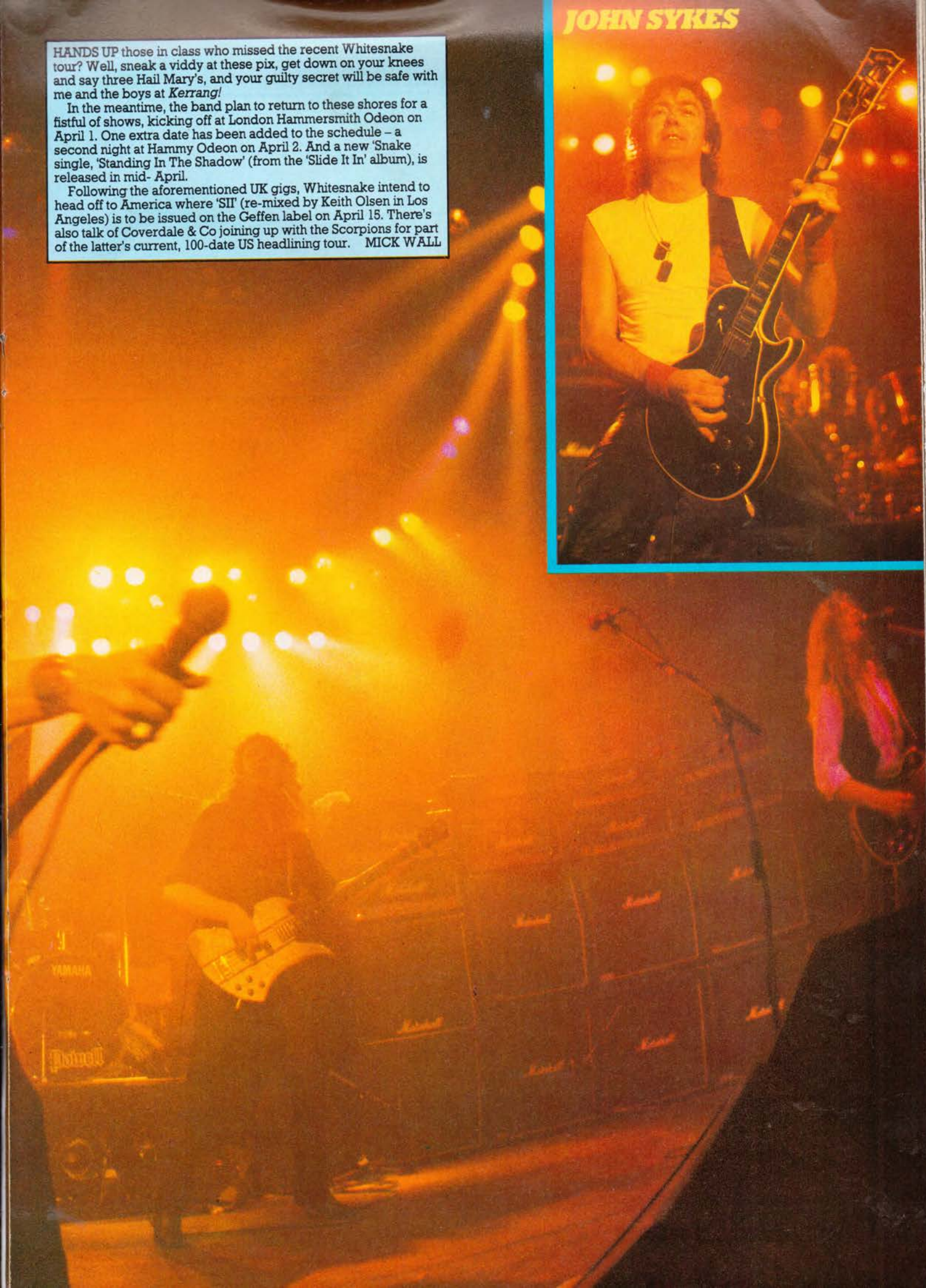


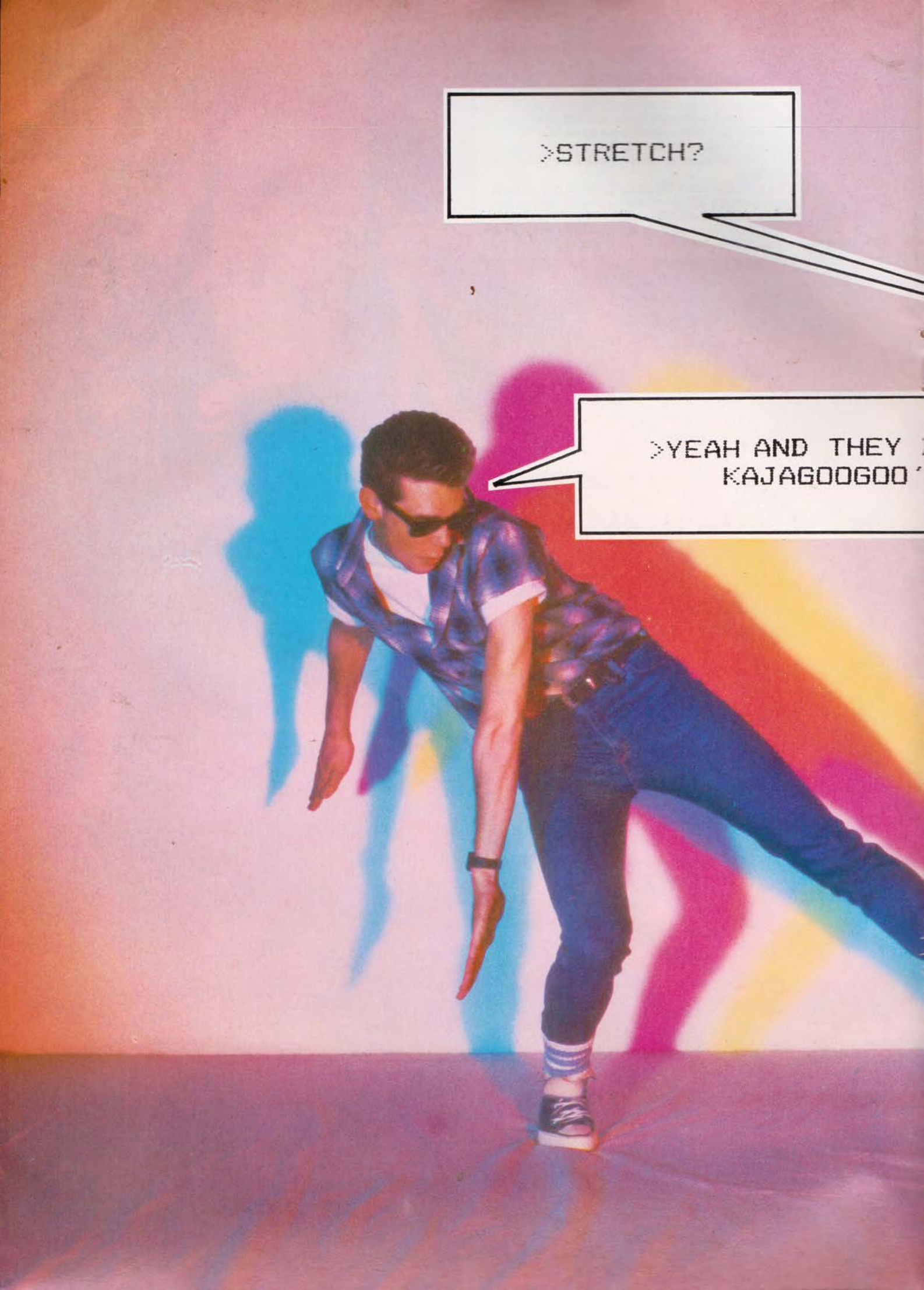
Whitesnake

HANDS UP those in class who missed the recent Whitesnake tour? Well, sneak a viddy at these pix, get down on your knees and say three Hail Mary's, and your guilty secret will be safe with me and the boys at *Kerrang!*

In the meantime, the band plan to return to these shores for a fistful of shows, kicking off at London Hammersmith Odeon on April 1. One extra date has been added to the schedule – a second night at Hammy Odeon on April 2. And a new 'Snake single, 'Standing In The Shadow' (from the 'Slide It In' album), is released in mid- April.

Following the aforementioned UK gigs, Whitesnake intend to head off to America where 'SII' (re-mixed by Keith Olsen in Los Angeles) is to be issued on the Geffen label on April 15. There's also talk of Coverdale & Co joining up with the Scorpions for part of the latter's current, 100-date US headlining tour. MICK WALL

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THAT'S WHAT'S GOING ON.

Kerrang!

Edited by MALCOLM DOME

NEWS

IN THE wake of The Comic Strip's 'Bad News Tour' comes 'Spinal Tap', a movie satire on life on the road with a 'top' rock band.

Spinal Tap are a successful British Heavy Metal band whose antics bring to mind many well-known stars! The movie has just opened in America, but as yet, there are no plans to bring this 'rockumentary' over to Britain.

To coincide with the film's Stateside release, Polygram Records have issued an album of the soundtrack, amusingly titled 'Smell The Glove'.

KERRANG!

UNBELIEVABLY, THERE are still a few blockbustin' back issues of *Kerrang!* available to you, the rock hungry reader!

Issues 1 to 26 are sold out. So, unfortunately, are issues 28 and 30. But limited stocks are still available of *Kerrang!* numbers 27, 29 and from 31 up to the present day (excluding issue 36).

Confused? You won't be if you send £1 for each issue ordered, available by post only from *Kerrang!* BACK NUMBERS, MORGAN GRAMPIAN, ROYAL SOVEREIGN HOUSE, 40 BERESFORD STREET, WOOLWICH, LONDON SE18.

The price to overseas readers is 2 US dollars per copy. Cheques or international money orders should be made payable to Spotlight Publications. All prices include postage and packing.

***Kerrang!* back issues are going like hot kakes, so please give an alternative choice of edition wherever possible.**

...back issues...

FILMS

'THE RIGHT STUFF' (15)
HEY SPACE-FACE, we've got the film for you. 'The Right Stuff' is a cyclorama of the pioneering days of the space-race. It's a 3½ hour paean to the gunslinging, rootin' tootin' astral-cowboys who opened up the saloon doors of Heaven for Uncle Sam and his deputies – the final shoot-out amongst the asteroid prairies of the matriarchal American consciousness.

Taking as its launching point the aeronautical pyrotechnics of legendary test pilot Chuck Yeager (Sam Sheppard), who de-mythologised the skies by breaking the sound barrier in 1947, the film documents the instigation and eventual realisation of the aerospace programme. Yeager is unceremoniously passed over due to lack of academic qualifications and younger colleagues become the pilots for the Mercury 7 programme.

Defeats, humiliations, space-groupies, personal probes, and rockets exploding on the launch pad are encountered during the course of this refreshingly real movie. MICK WALL

'STRANGE INVADERS' (PG)
THE RETURN of the B-movie! With its warmly nostalgic tone and undercurrent of paranoia, 'Strange Invaders' recalls a host of low budget sci-fi quickies churned out in the Fifties. It teams Paul Le Mat (John Milner in 'American Graffiti') with Nancy Allen ('Mommie Dearest') as a biology professor and reporter respectively who defy the authorities to take on a group of aliens in human form.

The reason for the alien presence and the manner in which the film resolves itself are fairly immaterial. What gives the movie its appeal is director Michael Laughlin's visual flair and the startling but sparingly used special effects. An impressive 'Mother Ship' looming out of a dark cloud, the creatures' removal of their human 'skins', and the horrific metamorphosis of their victims make it a must for sci-fi fans.

It's not a great movie by any means, being highly derivative and slow to start, but it's worth checking out. Oh, and like all good second features, it has a happy ending. PAUL ROLAND

VIDEOS

'MARILLION VIDEO EP' (Picture Music Internation)
JUST TWO tracks make up this 25 minute EP: 'Grendel' (17 mins) and an eight minute version of 'The Web'. Both were filmed at Hammersmith Odeon, but left off the recent live 'Recital Of The Script' video due to their excessive length.

Produced and directed by Martin Bell, both epics concentrate heavily on Fish; his taut, strained face etched with anxiety and beaded with sweat under a cadaverous blue spotlight. As he stalks the stage, eager eyes follow his every movement, the faithful mouthing every syllable of his provocative lyrics. Entranced, enthralled, overawed. As 'Grendel' builds in intensity Fish dons a Nordic helmet and with it a threatening new persona. Hauling a young fan from the audience he proceeds to 'tear' him limb from limb – a compelling mime, but nothing for Marcel Marceau to worry about.

'The Web' is, for me, the more interesting piece. It moves like a leaping salmon darting forward c/o Mick Pointer's snare beat and Pete Trewavas' jutting bass line. Steve Rothery abandons his *arpeggio* finger style for clean-cutting chords and Mark Kelly's keyboards colour the spaces inbetween.

The cameras take in more of the action on 'The Web' with interesting shots from the side of the stage and good close-ups of Pete 'n' Steve – great for those who want to learn the licks. But again it's Fish who dominates, climaxing the song by pulling a potted plant to shreds! PAUL ROLAND

'JUDAS PRIEST LIVE' (CBS/Fox)
AAARGHH!!! UNLEASHED on my TV screen!!! Funnier than the 'Young Ones', camper than an episode of 'Batman', faster than a speeding bullet and able to leap tall buildings in a single bound – JUDAS PRIEST LIVE!! And, blow me, I do believe it *is* live! Our Rob makes such a mish-mash of 'Victim Of Changes' (one of 17 songs included in 95 minutes of video) I figure this could just be the genuine article – unlike, say, their 'Unleashed In The Studio' album of a couple of years back! But let's not bitch, let's get butch!

This is great! Mind-curdling Metal straight up yer spectrum, Jack, and out yer left nostril, seriously rupturing yer cerebral cortex on the way – and all in the comfort of your own living room! If you couldn't get a ticket to the shows, or even if you did and can't bear to wait another three years for the Brummies' return – THIS IS HERE TO SAVE YOU!!

Wonderfully shot, the lighting is great, the occasional special effect is there to ensure interest never wanes and the pace never slackens. Moreover the sound is terrific (bet it would sound unbearably stupendous if I could get my stereo hitched up to the TV!) and there are the usual lasers, bikes, whips, manic dual lead breaks, death-defying vocal gymnastics, not to mention *no* drum solo. . . quick, get out there and snap it off the shelves before some other (less appreciative) bastard gets there.

Suffice to say that the leathered ones have right royally done the business (and I mean THE BUSINESS!!) with this one and please can I keep my review copy? DAVE DICKSON

'ALCHEMY' – Dire Straits (Polygram)
IF EVER there was a case for forgetting the album and buying the video, this is it. 'Alchemy', the album, is a truly beautiful piece of work, a masterful exposition of the artist at his craft. 'Alchemy', the video, however, brings to this art a whole new dimension – the spell is woven in light as well as sound.

To watch any film of a band onstage for 90 minutes could get boring but this manages to not only retain your interest (no mean feat in itself) but totally absorb you. There are one or two brief cinematic diversions – the two young lovers in the alleyway on 'Romeo & Juliet' for instance – but in general it's 'just' a band playing. A strong pace is kept up through some excellent camera work and direction, courtesy of Peter Sinclair, despite the restriction of some very dim lighting.

'Alchemy' is a great album, 'Alchemy' is an even greater video and I suppose possessing both would be the ultimate luxury but the finances probably dictacte against such extravagance. All the same, I would urge lovers of *great music* everywhere to experience this video and feel some of the special magic that is Dire Straits in concert. DAVE DICKSON

STOP PRESS! RODS TOUR CANCELLED; FULL DETAILS IN NEXT ISSUE!

BLACKIE LAWLESS (W.A.S.P)

IT'S SPRING again, so let's Sting again . . . well, Max Bygraves might be content to croon about tulips in Amsterdam, but for the blood-thirsty likes of W.A.S.P bassist/vocalist Blackie Lawless (seen here paying corpuscular homage to the memory of Boris Karloff), now is the time of year to get Metallically homicidal.

The Los Angeles quartet release their first single in mid-April, probably on the Capitol label. Produced by Mike Varney at Cherokee Studios in LA, the A-side features 'Animal (I F**k Like A Beast)', with 'Show No Mercy' on the flip. This will be issued in the UK and parts of Europe only as, because of 'Animal's lyrical content, the band have been advised not to put it out in the States.

Now managed by Rod Smallwood (who also handles Maiden's affairs),W.A.S.P intend to record their first album in the very near future. As yet no details have been confirmed though it seems likely that Varney will once again be at the production helm. 'Animal' will definitely be included on the LP and there's a chance that 'Show No Mercy' will pop up as well.

Other tracks on the album include 'Schooldaze' (likely to be W.A.S.P's first internationally released single) and 'Hellion'.

And the title of said opus? Well, that remains undecided but *our* suggestion is 'We Are Sexual Perverts' (yep, that's just one of the things W.A.S.P stands for!) It'll be let off the leash during May, and the band are currently laying plans for an headlining club tour of America – complete with raw meat, blood and *that rack!*

Just to complete the W.A.S.P picture, 'Ragewar', the much-heralded movie that features t Lawless Ones performing 'Tormentor', hits the silver screen during the Summer in the US and is likely to reach British shores soon after.

MALCOLM DOM

ROCK U.S.A.

LAURA CANYON reporting

SEND UP THE CLOWNS: during the past decade few heavy rock acts have had the mickey taken out of 'em quite so much as **Kiss**. So, when the opportunity recently arose for the quartet to get a little of their own back, they eagerly jumped at the chance.

The subject of this impromptu impression? None other than those well-known rivet munchers **Quiet Riot.** Well, it's a good try, boys, but **Mötley Crüe's** impersonation of early Kiss is still much more convincing, not to say lucrative!

On a serious note, **Vincent/Carr/Simmons/Stanley** have just completed a US tour supported by **Accept**, and are about to enter a New York studio to begin work on their next album with producer **Michael James Jackson**. As yet this planned opus is untitled, however the pose in the picture suggests they should call it **'DuBrow** Or Not **DuBrow,** That Is The Question'.

MALCOLM DOME (Pic ROSS HALFIN)

★ AS THE Italian farmer said as he led his cow through the winefields, I *herd* it through the grapevine: that **Alice Cooper**'s already managed to talk **Joe Perry** into kissing goodbye to his solo career in a month or so to join his line-up . . .

★ MEANWHILE, **Jim Steinman** has been writing a new song for an upcoming movie, *Streets Of Fire*. Yeah, I know **Bruce Springsteen**'s already written one. Trouble is, he's refused the film directors permission to use the thing. The film's one of those struggling-teen-transcends-misery-through-rock-and-roll things that are proliferating like *Invasion Of The Bodysnatcher* pods in the States right now, and stars actress **Diane Lane** as the singer in a band called **Ellen Aim And The Attackers**. Throughout the movie she mimes to new songs written for the film by Steinman, **Tom Petty** and **Stevie Nicks**, which are sung by a bunch of unknowns.

★ **DAVID BOWIE'S** up for the part of the heavy in the next **James Bond** film, *From A View To Kill* . . . But **John Taylor** of **Duran Duran**, you'll be relieved to hear, isn't going to be playing the part of Bowie in a film that's supposedly underway on the life of the Duke . . .

Tobe Hooper, of *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* fame, is making a new gem, *Space Vampires*. **Billy Idol** was going to play one of the cosmic suckers but had to drop out due to tour commitments. *Aaaah* . . . **Tony Banks** of **Genesis** has landed the job of writing music for *2010, Odyssey Two*, the sequel to *2001* that should be out by Christmas . . . And a wonderfully sleazy new song by **Don Costa's M80**, 'The Stripper', looks like getting adopted as the theme tune for an upcoming movie of the same name, made by the man who did *Pumping Iron*, the **Arnold Schwarzenegger** showcase.

★ **LINDA BLAIR**, the girl with the green vomit problems in the *Exorcist*, is starting a singing career. That's her vocals screaming, sorry *singing*, in the background on a Canadian album by one **Guy Aube**, and she's looking for more crooning work!

★ *FOOTLOOSE*, another of those teen-struggles-etc-etc American films, features a wonderful few seconds of **Quiet Riot's** 'Bang Your Head'; otherwise you're meant to believe that the "sexy, dangerous, evil" rock and roll banned by the local preacher in the movie is the sort that **Shalamar** and **Kenny Loggins** (!) make.

★ **STEVE PERRY** and **Neal Schon** of **Journey** have both begun promo tours of the States – separately. Neal's out with **Sammy Hagar** (whose next LP may well be produced by **Ted Templeman**) plugging their **HSAS** effort, while Steve's pushing his first solo album. Last time we looked (though as he changed the front cover at the last minute he might well change the title) it was called 'Street Talk' and was due to be issued on CBS Records. . . **Dennis de Young** of **Styx** has just put the finishing touches to his solo album.

★ **ARMORED SAINT**, who've hitched up with **Def Leppard's** management, have officially signed to Chrysalis and their album's due mid-May. It looks likely to be produced by **Michael James Jackson**, of **Kiss** fame. Meanwhile, they've been playing around the San Francisco and Arizona areas . . . And **Betsy** may be big (watch what you say, **Malcolm Dome**!) but not such a big star that she's made the band change its name to hers. The reason why the Country Club billed the group's appearance as 'Betsy' was because the local authorities wouldn't let them display the word **'Bitch'** in public . . . **Warlord** have a new vocalist, conveniently named **Damien King II**, and their second album, 'Thy Kingdom Come', should be ready by the summer. "Heavier and a touch more progressive," they promise.

★ LOOK WHAT the wind blew in! **Steel Breeze** – the California AOR band who had a big hit with 'You Don't Want Me Any More' – have a new singer in ex-**707**'s **Kevin Chalfant**, and a second album underway in **Journey**'s San Francisco studios. One song – a cover of the old **Grass Roots** tune 'Temptation Eyes' – has **E. Street Band** saxophonist **Clarence Clemmons** helping out. The band's looking for a new label too – RCA Doesn't Want Them Any More.

★ DIRTY DEEDS done dirt cheap in New Orleans, where **Nikki Sixx** of **Mötley Crüe** bet **Jake E. Lee** of **Ozzy Osbourne's** band a hundred big ones that he could ride a local cowboy bar's mechanical rodeo horse. Patrons last reported seeing a streak of black leather flying across the bar top at a speed unknown to man – thanks in part to Jake bribing the machine's operator to turn the controls to maximum!

Nikki added a few more bruises to the collection when he and Jake did a **Bruce Dickinson**, as we call it in the biz, tugging the T-shirt off an ample-bodied female dancer – who turned out to be the biggest bouncer in the joint's girlfriend! The two went back to their hotels with black eyes and a slashed hand, but still boldly challenged the rest of their bands to a fight! (*As mentioned in last issue's View From The Bar*).

Reports are in from Alberquerque, New Mexico, that **Michael Schenker** – you know, the new, sober, sensible Michael Schenker – smashed his guitar after three songs in a local club and stormed off stage.

★ IN THE video department: the **Stones'** 'She Was Hot' video has been banned by MTV, and they're working on a new censored version without the scene of a man getting worked up watching a sexy female dancer . . . **Great White** have debuted their new video, which climaxes with a kid telling his dad to – cue for a song – 'Stick It', after which he leaps through a plate glass window into a Cadillac full of waiting girls . . .

Ted Nugent's latest vid has him getting trapped by an evil priestess who spikes his grub, and being sent to work in a coal mine. The pick makes a nice change from the axe . . . **38 Special's** latest has them playing plain clothes detectives on the trail of a dangerous female . . . And **ZZ Top's** minor classic, 'TV Dinners', is the sad tale of a nuclear waste attendant whose frozen food has been invaded by a mischievous alien, who keeps switching the telly to the ZZ channel.

★ TED NUGENT'S new album, 'Penetrator', has **Bob Seger's** seal of approval. Seger turned up at a listening party in Ted's hometown, Detroit, and predicted the LP would be the Madman's biggest ever. The latter, incidentally, is currently in the throes of a US tour with **MSG** in support.

★ FIGURING THAT "if they can beat **Def Leppard** they can beat **Ronald Reagan**", the host of the late-night TV show *Saturday Night Live*, who was conducting a phone-in poll to find out which of the half-dozen Democratic Party candidates was most likely to win the election, added **ZZ Top's** name to the list of politicians. **Billy Gibbons** and the boys earned a massive 131,384 votes in the space of an hour, trouncing the nearest runner-up, **Jesse Jackson**. No word from the band so far as to whether they intend to run for office.

And talking of trouncings, **REO Speedwagon** were severely beaten in a basketball game held at Beverly Hills High School the other week; the winning team included cast members from 'Hill Street Blues', 'Dynasty', 'The A Team' and 'The Jeffersons'.

"They killed us," said 'Wagon vocalist/guitarist **Kevin Cronin**. "But we won a moral victory". Proceeds went to charity.

Pic Chris Walter

ARMORED SAINT: now signed to Chrysalis Records. . . halo, halo, halo!

RATT

ROBBIN CROSBY

Pics Ross Halfin

(left-right) Warren De Martini, Robbin Crosby, Stephen Pearcy, Bobby Blotzer, Juan Croucier.

BOOMTOWN BOYS

RATT-catcher MALCOLM DOME heralds the arrival of rodent roll.

"California people are NOT like you an' me" – Jay Jay French (Twisted Sister).

MAYBE IT'S something they put in their tequila. Or perhaps it's the genetic result of countless years of solar saturation. Whatever the reason, the average resident of the Sunshine State is so laid back that 'assuming the vertical position' requires almost Herculean effort. Your typical Californian definitely gives the impression of being too dazed gone!

Yet, despite its reputation for being a lazy-hazy, free-rollin', drugged-out, dragged-off haven, Los Angeles in particular has suddenly emerged as the hottest Metal furnace currently smeltin' an' beltin' on the planet. Quiet Riot and Mötley Crüe started the present craze, of course. Following their success, every major label has begun to twitch with a platinum-tipped epilepsy at the mere mention of LAHM.

There's those fabbo four-stingers W.A.S.P (see page 31), Black 'N' Blue (now signed to Geffen, see page 53), Armored Saint (on their way to the Chrysalis empire), Warrior (on the Ten roster), Great White (EMI America)... the list is positively longer than a Dee Snider onstage rap. And among the most agile an' able of this new breed of flamin' groovy angels are Ratt, who stand loud an' proud alongside W.A.S.P/ Warrior as the band most capable of setting alight the international market in the wake of the ragin' Quiet Crüe bush fire. Ignite in spite and hark at the sparks.

'Out Of The Cellar', the first full album from the boomtown Ratts (just issued in the States on the Atlantic roster), provides clear evidence of the band's excellence.

BUT LET'S leave critical consideration of 'OOTC' (a full review appears elsewhere in this issue) and move into the sewer with guitarist/backing vocalist Robbin Crosby plus lead vocalist Stephen Pearcy (the rest of the band are guitarist/backing vocalist Warren De Martini, bassist/ backing vocalist Juan Croucier and drummer Bobby Blotzer). So . . . how's the album been received thus far in the USA?

"Well, we're getting loads of mail from fans all over the place saying how much they like it," enthused Crosby, taking time out from sipping on a solar flare (getting a body tan to you) to phone from LA. "We're also picking up a lot of airplay, so everything is cool. To us, it's a definite step in the right direction."

"Two of the songs ('You're In Trouble' and 'Back For More') were re-done from a mini-album we released last year and a couple of other numbers have been hanging around for ages. But most of the material was new," added Pearcy. "We're always writing new stuff and I think our style is improving all the time."

Sound-wise, the album manages to retain the emphatic thump basics of last year's vinyl offering whilst adding neatly melodic touches. Clearly, using producer Beau Hill (hitherto known more for his pop projects than any heavy leanings) and the facilities of Sound City Studios in LA proved worthwhile.

"Yeah, things worked out real smooth and cool with him. He practically lived with us for about two months whilst 'Out Of The Cellar' came together, and he was just fine. The finished product contains a mixture of ideas, some from him and others that originated with us."

It's rather strange, given Crosby's positive response to Hill, that his name wasn't suggested by anyone connected with the band, but by Atlantic!

"Yeah, they were the ones who came up with him," admits Crosby. "We hadn't even thought about Beau to be honest."

RUMOUR HAS it that Ratt's top production choice was Tom 'Colonel' Allom. However, neither Crosby nor Pearce were keen to confirm this, though the latter was more forthcoming when told that 'OOTC' has yet to be considered for a British release . . .

"You're kiddin' me! Hey, it's just *gotta* get a UK release. We're very much in the British mould and I'm sure heavy rock fans over there would just love the album's sound. If Atlantic aren't gonna put it out, then they're really missing out on a potential seller."

Pic Ross Halfin

STEPHEN PEARCY: "No-one in this band is about to let the mould grow on the cheese."

But, this UK hiccough aside, Ratt seem rather pleased with the way their relationship with Atlantic has been developing.

"Their offer was the best one we got," revealed Crosby. "It wasn't just a case of them offering the most money, they seemed prepared to give us the sort of promotion and support we need. So far, we've got no complaints about the way they've reacted. With the 'Out Of The Cellar' sessions, they left us to our own devices and never tried to pressure us into following any of their preconceptions. I hope our relationship continues to stay as amicable in the future."

Reaction to the album in America certainly seems to suggest that Atlantic have one hot cookie on their roster. The release of 'Round & Round' as a single looks set to underscore their growing reputation, and they've inevitably shot a video for said single featuring legendary funny man Milton Berle (uncle of Ratt manager Marshall Berle).

So, all that remains for them now is to hit the road and kick some dirt. . .

"We're hoping to get out and tour real soon," panted Pearcy in obvious anticipation.

"We're at our best onstage. To be honest, Ratt is all about gettin' raucous in a live environment and it's hard to get the same buzz in a studio setting, which has caused us a few problems when trying to capture our sound on record."

"AT THE moment, we're the hottest band in LA," boasted Crosby, with matter-of-fact nonchalance. "I'm not just saying that – it happens to be true. We did a show in the city a few weeks ago and the crowd went C-R-A-Z-Y!

"I know there are loads of happening bands in LA at the moment, but just wait a coupla years and then take a look at who's still on the scene. So many bands are getting signed up that I'm convinced most of 'em will end up doing one or two albums, then they'll disappear. We'll soon see the decks cleared and the real men left standing.

"Ratt are not just another posing band. We're pure rock 'n' roll, especially live. Some people have tried to compare us to Mötley Crüe just because they're the most popular band in the area at present. Well, the only way I can refute that suggestion is by saying that the Crüe sound the way we used to. There *are* similarities, but they're merely superficial."

So, what does the crystal ball predict for Ratt? Pearcy at least has no doubts whatsoever . . .

"We aim to continue cranking out Ratt music for the masses. No-one in this band is about to let the mould grow on the cheese – we wanna eat it all!"

"Of course, we want to be accepted by the hardcore headbangers," concluded Crosby. "But we'd love to be heard by the masses. My mum is a Ratt fan and if she can get off on our music then anybody can. Our ultimate goal is simple – to take the world!"

Somehow I've a feeling cellar-bacy might well become an acceptable way of life!

ROCK MOBSTER

DAVE DICKSON goes Kray fishing with ex-Who singer ROGER DALTREY (left)

THE INTERVIEW is the mainstay of the music press.

Through it artists communicate their ideas; elaborate on their personal philosophies; are coaxed and cajoled into dispensing some small snippet of their private lives for their ardent fans to drool over; and are generally encouraged to reveal something of their real selves, to talk from the heart to their thrill-seeking public.

Bulls**t, right? Of course it is. Some smart-ass journalists use The Interview to send their victims, the artists, up; some artists manage to do this all by themselves.

But let's be honest, most artists only grant the press interviews when they've got something they want to flog: The Interview becomes a personalised advert – This is Me, now buy my record!

Within the 30 minute format The Interview usually takes, the journalist is expected to gain an expressway insight into the soul of his subject, to get straight to the heart, to find out what makes the artist tick.

Ludicrous. This is quite obviously impossible.

The artist is there to promote The Product, the journalist is there to discover The Truth – hardly compatible objectives.

If the reader is lucky, the journalist will be receptive enough to grasp some fleeting impression of the subject, to use his instincts to gain some minor entry into the artist's mind.

Sometimes it works, often it doesn't. Sometimes a journalist will be so wrapped up in his own fantasies he'll fail to act as a proper receiver; sometimes the artist will be smart enough to give out Image and not Truth – either way you end up with bulls**t. But, if you're really lucky, it's at least readable bulls**t.

There are few artists around of the calibre of Jim Morrison, a man who once likened The Interview to The Confessional. He would actively seek out journalists in the latter stages of his career in an attempt to explain himself because he was no longer convinced his audience was aware of what he was trying to say to it.

ROGER DALTREY is *not* like Jim Morrison, though, ironically, he *is* worried that he might be misunderstood, or worse, permanently categorised.

Roger Daltrey is here to sell me Product, namely a new solo album, 'Parting Should Be Painless', in effect his fifth workout under his own name and the first movement of any real importance since the break up of the Who.

The single, 'Walking In My Sleep', is already set to become a smash hit in the States, perhaps bigger than anything the Who ever released. Daltrey also stars in a 'short', a 10 minute film called *Bitter Cherry* currently doing the rounds with the James Bond flic.

It's all Product, right, and it needs to be flogged, because that's what life's all about: you pay us, so we can pay them, so they can pay you. In reality the economics of The Product are devastatingly simple.

Fortunately, Roger Daltrey recognises this as an exercise in bulls**t and doesn't pretend it to be anything different.

Question: why are you appearing on all these TV variety shows?

Answer: "I dunno. . . I'm doing *any* shows to get me mug on the box so people buy me bleedin' record! I don't give a s**t, ha! Why should I care? Ha!"

Indeed. The ethics of his salesmanship may stink, but his honesty is refreshing. And you can't doubt the effectiveness of that salesmanship.

My impression of Roger Daltrey, garnered from 45 minutes of interview, is one of a worthy recipient of the three-S's: Sharp, Shrewd and Smart.

Roger Daltrey knows what he wants from life and has a reasonable idea about how to go and get it. At 40 he's seen a lot, done a lot, achieved a lot; he is a success. So why does he need to carry on?

"I like to sing, I enjoy singing and I want to continue singing. It would be lovely if this turned out to be as big as the Who, but I've done that, I just want to play for the playing's sake now."

'Parting Should Be Painless' is a good album, not great, but good. Its point is: "Me saying, 'Look, I can sing in loads of other, different ways and different styles". To that end it, too, is a success. To which Daltrey would add: "I can honestly say I enjoyed making this record, I really enjoyed doing it. The last Who record I enjoyed was 'Who's Next'!" – which was released in 1971; imagine spending 11 years recording albums you didn't enjoy!

And now that we've plugged The Product, let's talk about movies.

ROGER DALTREY has made three feature-length movies, *Tommy* in 1975, *Lisztomania* the same year and *McVicar* in 1980 as well as appearing (obviously) in the Who's documentary/bio-pic, *The Kids Are Alright*, in 1979.

He has also starred in two BBC productions, *The Beggar's Opera*, directed by Jonathan Miller, and *The Comedy Of Errors*, directed by James Cellan Jones, and now *Bitter Cherry*, which was filmed in just a day-and-a-half.

I suspect acting has supplanted rock'n'roll at the head of Daltrey's list of personal priorities. I say 'suspect' because Daltrey claims "there's no dividing line" between making movies and making records, each being afforded equal consideration.

However, he continues: "It's just that at the moment there's not a film I want to make. I've been offered one that's quite interesting but that won't be until August, so in that time I'm going to go singing again."

The implication being that Daltrey has found the time to do some singing in between acting contracts.

And not only that, but there is a certain animation that creeps into Daltrey's speech when engaged on the subject of films and filming, an enthusiasm that isn't reflected to the same degree when discussing his recording. Possibly this is because the album is done, finished and Daltrey has now shifted the focus of his attention back to movies and in particular his current pet-project, directing his first film, "A story about the Kray twins – two *lovable* English villains."

Daltrey is understandably excited by this chance to break the mould rock 'n' roll has cast him into. He is being presented with an opportunity to create a *lasting* impression on the world rather than the purely ephemeral expression currently at his disposal.

We remember movie stars and impresarios long after their deaths, but pop stars?

We argued, Daltrey and I, about whether Tommy was a pop star.

"He wasn't a pop star at all!" exclaimed Daltrey, who should know, since he played the part. Technically, of course, he's right, but for a non-pop star he sang an awful lot of pop songs and more than one or two hits. Whatever, *Tommy* launched Daltrey's movie career under the mercurial hand of director Ken Russell, for whom he also made *Lisztomania*. *Tommy* was (generally) a critical success but *Lisztomania* was a real turkey and died a deserved death. Next up came *McVicar*.

In 1967 John McVicar was sentenced to 23 years in Durham Prison's Maximum Security wing on an armed robbery charge. A year later he escaped and wasn't recaptured until 1970. He wrote the story of his exploits, *McVicar By Himself*, before his eventual release in 1978, going on to finish his sociology degree at Leicester University. The book became the subject of a movie backed by Who Films, starring Roger Daltrey, who also wrote some of – and performed all of – the soundtrack, and was scripted by McVicar himself.

IN HIS early days as the Who's vocalist Daltrey would openly boast of his connections with the 'underworld', connections he almost certainly drew upon in his portrayal of McVicar and will doubtles employ again if the Kray twins movie gets the go-ahead.

And yet, physically at least, the two couldn't be further apart. John McVicar is tall, lean, muscular and might best be described as 'ruggedly handsome'.

Daltrey, on the other hand, is very short – just *how* short he is surprised me, he's perhaps only a few inches taller than myself. At the same time, however, it is a great compliment to Daltrey as a performer that he always seemed to possess a gargantuan stature onstage.

McVicar was largely unimpressed by the movie, describing Daltrey's performance as "not embarrassing" and the film itself as "one-and-a-half hours'

CONTINUES OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

entertainment. It's not bad, I know *that* much. It's not a formula film".

But, with regard to Daltrey specifically, McVicar seemed to point very much to the core of the man's desire to achieve a measure of acting credibility by assuming a straight, realistic role.

". . . Daltrey has film abitions," said McVicar, "to show that he can do his own thing and isn't just riding on the vehicle that (Pete) Townshend is driving."

And Daltrey readily concurs with this insight.

"That's true, yeah, but that was within the Who. The Who Films thing was mainly created by myself from within the Who, it was just saying the Who are something else other than people who record Pete Townshend's songs."

But Daltrey denies the charge that he was attempting to create an empire out of the Who.

"No, no, not at all . . . it's nothing to do with building empires, it's just wanting to stretch yourself, trying to get the kinds of feelings that made me want to get into rock'n'roll – those kinds of *anarchic* feelings – in other areas of work."

And of *McVicar* itself: "Christ, I saw it the other week and ohh. . . I know I changed when I did it – I had to get into the part, that's the way I work – but when I saw that film I thought, 'By Christ, my poor missus, she had this *monster* coming home to her each weekend, this *stranger!*' But then a lot of people said, 'Yeah, but he's like him (John McVicar)!' But I'm not like *that!* Jeez, he frightens the life outta me!"

ROGER DALTREY: "The last Who record I enjoyed making was 'Who's Next', back in '71."

And now he's moved on. At least, his ambitions have moved on – his subject matter remains pretty static. At present he is attempting to get his Kray twins project off the ground.

"I'm not going to glamorise them," assures Daltrey, perhaps mindful of the glossy sheen *The Long Good Friday* threw over the capital's gangsters, "or pretend they didn't do what they did. The only thing it might do in their favour – which is debatable because it's too late anyway – is, from knowing what I know about them, that there's a strong case that Reggie Kray only ever committed manslaughter under the influence of his brother. But that's got nothing to do with whether or not they committed those crimes – because they obviously did – and I don't condone that."

THE KRAY twins have certainly achieved a kind of immortality and perhaps Daltrey, through them, will too. In the meantime he's back, however briefly, playing pop star again – but with no immediate plans to retread the boards.

"I haven't got enough material to do any live shows at the moment, but I shall rehearse a band mid-summer and hopefully do my next album. And while we're in the studio doing that I shall probably practice a few numbers off this album and then maybe do *The Tube*. The aim is to do some live shows this time next year, just some real raunchy rock 'n' roll shows with a bit of sweat 'n' bollocks!"

Which pretty much sews up '84 and part of '85. And then?

"And then I'll start promoting my film."

Roger Daltrey – *Sharp, Shrewd* and *Smart*. He knows what he wants, he may even know how to get it.

If nothing else I hope he's readable bulls**t.

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MUSIC FOR NATIONS

KILLER GUITARISTS

DAVID SINCLAIR gets strictly technical (almost) with TED NUGENT

A Byrd in the hand . . .

WE ALL know that Ted Nugent is the ultimate certified gonzo lunatic. But has anybody ever thought to ask him about playing guitar?

Nugent's style is rock 'n' roll rooted in the blues. Despite frequent blarney about "destroying guitars" with his playing, he actually has rather a gentle, precise touch, utilising pick and fingers, which facilitates the frequent fluent turns of speed so prevalent in his music. A bald transcript of many of his solos would reveal a highly-developed manual dexterity. What gives his playing its edge, however, is his use of a resonant semi-acoustic guitar played at high volume, coupled to an uncanny ability to harness the resultant feedback, moulding it to his requirements by the unique process of manipulating the strings between the bridge and tailpiece of his guitar.

This technique was developed by his exclusive use, from 1964 to 1981, of the semi-acoustic Gibson Byrdland guitar, an instrument associated primarily with jazz players, who, playing at low volumes, like the extra resonance provided by the hollow body. Very few rock guitarists ("Make that none" – Nugent) would be so audacious as to take such an instrument, crank it up to the kind of volume that Nugent uses, and then try to control the chaotically resonating sound. Musically, it's the equivalent of trying to wrestle a wild boar with one hand tied behind your back – the kind of challenge, needless to say, that Nugent welcomes.

Pic Pete Blake

"You wanna risk giving it a try?"

"The Byrdland is, for all practical purposes, virtually uncontrollable at anything over the quietest of club volumes. It feeds back *so* easily and *so* uncontrollably, that I had to learn where to stand, how to stand, how to hold it – it's totally a unique style of playing."

FOR A WHILE in the early Eighties, Nugent took to playing a more conventional 1958 Les Paul Sunburst, before moving to a newer Gibson semi-acoustic, the Fusion. Similar in style to the Byrdland, the Fusion is a bit smaller, a bit lighter. Also, Nugent's particular guitar has an unusually long span between the bridge and tailpiece, ideally catering for his penchant for bending notes by applying pressure to the strings at this point. The effect is similar to that created by Hendrix and many other Strat players, by means of wanging the tremelo arm. Nugent's peculiar method, however, enables him to pick out individual strings for treatment (the tremelo bar affects all strings equally at a given push) and is also quicker than reaching for a bar to the side of the strings.

Asked to comment on the musicality of his playing, Nugent becomes animated, pointing to various subtleties which he feels have been much overlooked.

"Listen to some of those note patterns on the 'Penetrator' album – some of those note flurries are not meant to be. Take the intro on 'Tied Up In Love', where did that come from? What kind of f***ing run was that? That's f***ing amazing. Listen to the solo in 'Tailgunner' on the 'Nugent' album. I listen to that and I go 'Who *is* this guy?' The speed, the dexterity, the weird note configurations – you won't find these anywhere else. I'm moved by my playing. Listen to the solo on 'Go Down Fighting'. Oh my God. I'm bending notes where the good Lord did not intend us to bend them; dissonant, upside-down patterns.

"I find that so many people don't come to grips with the stuff I play or that Eddie Van Halen plays or Andy Summers plays. They're listening to the song. Go *beyond* the song. Listen to what's *in* the song. There's one run in 'Don't You Want My Love' ('Penetrator') . . . Duane Eddy would just give his left nut to get the twang that that solo starts off with. Then it goes into this Afro-Amercan blues line, then the solo goes (sings whole solo) and the last bit is the fastest thing *ever recorded.*

"I don't feel at all restricted by the rock framework. In fact I don't even feel I've begun. 'Stranglehold' ('Ted Nugent') has jazz, rock and blues in it; 'Take Me Home' ('Penetrator') has some of the most bluesy jazz patterns that have ever been played, anywhere, anytime. I mean, really listen to that s**t. I'm not just raving because *I* think I'm hot; I'm raving because I *am* hot.

"For the most part I think I play a specialised type of music for a specialised music connoisseur. It's hard, driving, guitar virtuoso rock'n'roll music. And if only these reviewers and critics would just *listen* to it. How can you listen to a Nugent album, or a Van Halen album, or a Judas Priest album, and only talk leather, only talk volume, only talk songs? What about the instrumentation, the arrangements, the performance, the horizons that are touched upon – because they *are* touched upon. And if you don't hear this, then you're a jaded asshole. Listen to Eddie Van Halen's playing – I read in the English press how they can 'put up' with Eddie's playing in spite of David's vocals. *Put up with his playing!* His playing is almost *miraculous.* My playing is brilliant. The note patterns are uncharted, unheralded, unknown. Yet they skim over 'em as though they weren't even there. It's just a 'guitar solo'. These f***ing people are missing the whole essence of what's going on."

Do you ever feel you go over the top, even by your own OTT standards?

"*Over the top!* You gotta be kiddin' me. I'm just f***ing cruising. If I went over the top you'd be lying here in a pool of blood right now. I am merely doing what I consider to be the minimum effort of a human being to embrace life's experiences without becoming neutered or jaded or blasé."

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Pic Ross Halfin

TED: "You could say I'm a dealer in decibel abuse"

BE THAT as it may, Ted Nugent's "minimum effort" tends to be somewhat in excess of most people's maximum output. One area in which this is particularly apparent is in the level of noise that goes into his playing. His instant command of feedback is purely a function of the guitar and volume. Although he's made discrete use of pedals on some recordings, live he uses no effects between instrument and amp, relying instead on the huge decibel output from the combination of Marshall and Fender speakers and amps spread all across the back of the stage. High volume is Nugent's tool, but his reliance on it has taken its toll physically. Nugent is deaf in his left ear, and for many years wore earplugs onstage, a practice he's now discontinued since lowering his speaker set-up from head-height to waist-height.

Interestingly, drummer Cliff Davies always wears earplugs when playing with Nugent, as does his roadie, and the driver, and for all I know everyone in the Nugent entourage. There's even a little drawer in the rack of spare parts kept backstage, reserved for earplugs! And yet Nugent, Davies and the crew are all standing *behind* the PA columns that are pushing out most of the noise. I asked him therefore what he thought was happening to the guys in the first ten rows.

"There's no thinking necessary. You can see their brains oozing out of their f***ing eyes every night."

Do you reckon they should wear earplugs?

"No. I don't."

Don't you think they are being damaged?

"I'm confident it's happening. Yes."

Do you feel that's in order?

"You can't just draw a simple conclusion. Obviously I don't know how many rock'n'roll shows they go to, and where they stand at the rock'n'roll shows, and how loud said rock'n'roll shows are. I know, as an independent individual, I ascertain what is best for me and proceed accordingly; I would expect the rest of the population is also capable of these deductions, don't you? Sure, you might think you see the same guy every night banging his brains out, but that's like saying, 'Well you see all this f***ing heroin and drug abuse, don't you think that's wrong?' Well, of course I do. But what am I gonna do? Go out on a f***ing soapbox and start preaching? No. I couldn't give a damn – everybody's got to make up their own minds. If you want to talk about decibel abuse, well then we've gotta discuss abuse in general. Agreed?"

But are you not a dealer in decibels, whereas obviously you're not a dealer in drugs?

"Yeah, you could say that actually. You could say I'm a dealer in decibel abuse, though the effects of that abuse compared to the effects of drug abuse are like day and night. But it's true, I'm confident that decibel abuse is damaging people if they get an overdose of it, but I would like to think the manoeuvres I have pursued to counter the damage are certainly available, and recommended to everyone else."

Which are?

"Pardon?"

Which are?

"Well, I wouldn't stand in front of the f***ing PA bins for a million dollars! And I imagine if some people do like to, they should do it rarely enough so that they don't do any damage.

"Hey, tell me, do they cut stuff out of these interviews before they go into the magazine? That last one I did for *Kerrang!* (issue 61) was pretty short considering all the time I spent with that kid (Dave Dickson)."

Well, there's only so much space, so some of it has to go.

"But if you start missing stuff out, you lose the overall statement. You've got Geoff Barton editing it, right?"

Yes.

"Well, you send Geoff backstage. I'll soon straighten his ass out."

OZZY/JAKE E. LEE

FROM PAGE 24

sundown air - the dark looks, the porcupine stubble, the soup-kitchen pallour and those cold, nerveless eyes, slits in an ever-present scowl. The look that kills. . .

And then there's a little matter of speed (no, we're not back to Motorhead again). . . who can fly fastest up and down the fretboard without turning their digits into a 'cat's cradle' is still a matter of much pride and concern. Survival of the quickest. . . the old hands, the ones with most notches on their machine heads, can never rest easy knowing there's a whole gaggle of tiger-eyed little (hoping to be) big men just itching to catch them with the sun in their eyes. Jake knows the feeling. . .

"Every once in a while someone will come up to you and say: 'I'm a better guitar player than you, I should have got the Ozzy gig'. In fact, last time I was in New York, some guy was hanging around in the hotel lobby and every time Ozzy came down from his room he'd tell him that *he* was the guy he should have. He was out to get me! He even called up about four times and played all these licks to me down the phone. He was OK, but he'd always hang up after playing, he didn't wait for the critique which I was *dying* to give him!"

SUCH HASSLES could easily gnaw away at the confidence but, when it comes to making with the *kerrangs*, Jake doesn't suffer from nerves, needing no alcoholic or stimulatory crutch to help him onstage. His attitude is one of confidence and quiet self-esteem; indeed, when he first went to audition for Ozzy (arriving late, of course; he acts according to his own inner clock which runs eternally slow) he refused to do the solo he'd worked out because conditions weren't right, a tough-minded, no-compromise approach that immediately had those assembled raising full-mark cards for artistic merit.

There were times during the recording of 'Bark At The Moon' when Ozzy felt moved to slide several quid into the swear box before he'd even talk about his playing, the idea being to rile Jake into giving of his best, and he responded in spades, but on certain things he would *not* be moved. When 'So Tired' (due to be released as a single, see *Mayhem*) was being recorded, for example, he was asked to add a George Harrison sound and solo to the song but didn't much care for the idea . . .

"I *tried* to do it, but I wasn't having much fun sounding like somebody else so, finally, I just said: 'F**k it! I'm gonna put down a solo that's me and if Ozzy doesn't like it he can call up George Harrison and have him come down and do it'."

Confidence, however, doesn't destroy self-criticism. Jake's got the perfect guitar sound rattling around somewhere between his ears and it frustrates him that he can't get near it at the moment.

"I can't stand the guitar sound I've been getting," he bemoans. "The one I'm after isn't quite as edgy and scratchy as Van Halen's, and a little smoother than Randy's, not quite as compressed sounding. A bit like Judas Priest's but WILDER!"

Like Lancelot in pursuit of the Holy Grail, Jake will no doubt continue to quest for this sonic Shangri-La. It's very much a personal mission, though, for as far as most people are concerned this local boy has already made good. Indeed, on a recent visit to an LA club he found himself in a balls-to-the-wall situation, trapped by a procession of lubricating lovelies, lips pre-pursed and arms at the ready. . .

". . . and what's more, I actually got mobbed on the way to the tour bus last night! These three BIG girls shouted 'JAKE E. LEE!', jumped on me and almost knocked me down. One planted her face on me and I couldn't get it off! There was a guy behind her trying to pull her off and I was trying to push her away, I was turning my face trying to breathe.

"It's all pretty wild. I see these girls sitting in the front row when I'm onstage, and they're the same girls who, when I was going to concerts, say, two years ago, I'd be standing right behind. I'd see them looking up at the band and think: 'God, these guys can just walk offstage and have 'em, but I'd have to be on my hands and knees and even then they'd probably walk right over me'. Now, all of a sudden, I'm the guy onstage – but I'm not complaining!"

JAKE'S PHILOSOPHY of life is simple: do enough nice things and something nice will eventually happen to you. Hence, he allowed Ratt (one of many previous outfits) to have his song 'You're In Trouble', which features both on their EP and new Atlantic album, and despite landing in what appears to have been a rather sticky situation with an early version of the Dio band (he's nominally managed by Wendy Dio, and will be until September) he still tries to walk the diplomatic tightrope when asked whether his differences with Ronnie were musical or personal. . .

"Hmmm. . . let's see. . . ummm, hmmmm, ummmmm. . . ermm, let's see. . . umm, well. . . "

And you can't say fairer than that.

Bang! Bang!

KLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

FEMALE INTO Marillion, Hawkwind, seeks long haired guys, 20+, for gigs, pubs. Birmingham area. Box No K278.
MALE HEART fan, medium build, likes anything except discos, seeks girl (18+). Wiltshire. Box No K279.
SLAYMAKER (CHINA ROGUE) a man of solid proportions. Love Deb XX.
MALE, FILTHY long haired biker, into British and chops, seeks similar for runs, pubs, concerts HR/HM, enjoying life etc. London/anywhere, Box No K280.
MALE, LONG hair and moustache, into Heavy Metal and rock music, in mid-thirties, would like to hear from females, 25-32. Photo appreciated. Box No K281.
DEREK, CAN'T wait till June. Love you more than words can say. Anne.

PENPALS

GIRL, LIVING London, looking for fellow John Sykes fans. Also likes Whitesnake, Gary Moore, Leppard and most rock. Box No K282.

RECORDS FOR SALE

STALLION ON 'Metal Plated' LP (compilation) on Ebony label. £3.99 (inc P&P). Band available for gigs, tours, management. 13, Stamford Walk, Bridlington, 0262 603181.
MAIDEN, KISS, Motorhead, Scorpions, Priest, Gary Moore, UFO and many more. Deletions pic discs etc. SAE 3, Rowan Road, Cannock, Staffs.
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FAN CLUBS

WRATHCHILD MARCH newsletter. SAE + 10p. 6, Coxlea Close, Evesham, Worcs.
BERNIE TORMÉ Fanclub. Write to 37, Meersbrook Rd, Sheffield, S89HU.
METALLICA METAL Militia, only official wordwide fan club fully endorsed by the band. For information on membership and official merchandise send SAE or International Reply Coupon to: 345 W. Riverside Dr, Roseburg, OR 97470, USA.

MUSICIANS WANTED

MALE VOCALIST for young Bucks HM/R band, with gigs. Dan, High Wycombe 712085.
CHRISTIAN GUITARIST requires Christian musicians for Pomp/Metal band. Into Resurrection Band, Magnum, Schenker, Jerusalem. I've got Marshall BC Rich, three chords. Dedication but no wheels. Also any Christian Metallists to write to? Storm the gates of hell!! Vince, 01-7610616, London/Croydon area.
SATAN , NEWCASTLE Heavy Metal band, urgently require vocalist. Tours and second album planned for spring. Experience essential. Send demo, photo and tel no. to 22, Fulbrook Road, Kenton, Newcastle NE3 3TQ.

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RARE RECORDS WANTED!! Picture Discs, Coloured Vinyls, test pressings, Deletions, of all kinds – All Heavy Metal, New Wave, Punk. Urgent request for Kiss, Queen, Kate Bush, Deep Purple, Genesis, Sweet, T.Rex, Slade, Damned, Cure, Quo, Iron Maiden, all Olivia N. John, Japan, AC/DC, Saxon, Ian Hunter, Bowie, Clash, Jam. Large collections bought, excellent prices paid for good condition material – Send list with your price. (Dept W) RS Records, 9, Silver Street, Wiveliscombe, Somerset TA4 1PG.

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LPS OR tapes of 'McDonald and Giles' and 'Giels Giles And Fripp'. Plus Lindisfarnes 'Fog On The Tyne'. 0782 328466.
HEAVY METAL demo tapes wanted for *Maniac* magazine. All types reviewed. (Middle of road – middle of head!) Send tapes to be included in massive national edition. . . *Maniac,* 14, The Breaches, Easton-In-Gordano, Bristol.
LIVE TAPES: Hard rock and AOR, many to trade. Leppard, Y&T, Maiden, Triumph, Aerosmith, Foreigner, Styx, Judas etc. Send your list to: Damien Guasp, 10/16 Rue De La Justice, 75020 Paris, France.
TED NUGENT. Private Collector desperately needs live tapes, tour books, photos, songbooks, teeshirts etc and especially contacts to other Gonzo fans! Will buy or swop. Urgent.

SPECIAL NOTICES

JAYNE, HAPPY BIRTHDAY beautiful eyes. Still in love with you. J.
DAWN, HAPPY 18TH birthday. See you down Malibu Beach. Pel.
CAROLINE, HAPPY BIRTHDAY. Love You Forever, I promise. Matthew.
CHINA ROGUE single tape for sale £1.00 plus SAE. 9, The Drive, Countesthorpe, Leicester.
I HAVE ACCESS TO A HALL OF 800 CAPACITY. CAN YOUR BAND FILL IT? IF SO CONTACT Russ for details. 46, Alford Street, Grantham, Lincs.
BLACKFOOT WILL ALWAYS KEEP THE SOUTH FLYING HIGH. JOE KID.
RANDY RHODES – 'Mental wounds still screaming/Driving me insane/You went off the rails like a crazy train'. Ozzy NI.
ROCK HARD, HM magazine, Nr5 out now! Feat, Mercyful Fate, Priest, Venom, Helstar, Metallica, Tokyo Blade, Snowwhite etc. Price: £1.50 $4 or DM5. incl. postage. Searching demos/infos from bands all over the world. Frank Trojan, Passmann. 4600 Dothund, West Germany.
THE HEATHEN TAPE. Send cassette and SAE for free copy. Diwedd Lon, Greenmeadow, Cwmbran, Gwent.
THE WARLOCK TOUR postponed until further notice. Get well soon Tom. From THE S**TKICKERS!
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BELATED BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

CHRIS, HAPPY 21st. Love you always, Wobbly.
DEB, HAPPY 21st Birthday Kajira. Love Shaun.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, Keith, hope you enjoyed Whitesnake. Love Christine.

KERRANG!
KLASSIFIEDS

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FREE COMPETITION ● FREE COMPETITION

WE WANT INFORMATION!

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YES, VOLUME vampires, here's your chance to make that bruised 'n' battered amp sound like a megawatt noize machine!

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We want to analyse YOUR thoughts and opinions to help make *Kerrang!* the greatest rock mag in powerpack publishing history.

This competition/survey is absolutely FREE to enter – you don't even have to pay postage. So just fill in this coupon (tick boxes or make brief comments where appropriate), compose a wild 'n' wacky comment for the tiebreaker, then cut out the whole page, fold it into the pre-paid envelope shape and send it to us today.

The 10 most inventive answers to our tiebreaker question win the Boss Heavy Metal Pedals!

1 Age .....

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3 Are you currently at school, at college or university, working or unemployed?

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☐ a) A Current Bank Account

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☐ d) A Credit Card

6 Do you buy any other music papers/magazines besides *Kerrang!*? If so, which one(s)?

.....

7 What items would you like to see MORE of in *Kerrang!*?

.....

.....

8 For each of the following pieces of equipment please indicate the number owned/bought etc. ie 1, 2, 3 for Acoustic Guitar, Electric Guitar and so on. If you don't own a particular piece of equipment just leave it blank.

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Amplification	☐	☐	☐	£	☐
Effects Unit	☐	☐	☐	£	☐
Strings/ Accessories	☐	☐	☐	£	☐
Drums	☐	☐	☐	£	☐
Cymbals	☐	☐	☐	£	☐
Electric Percussion	☐	☐	☐	£	☐
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Mixing Deck	☐	☐	☐	£	☐
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CONTINUES OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

9 Before you buy a piece of equipment, do you take any notice of the following? Please tick the appropriate box.

	Take a Lot of Notice	Take Notice	Don't Take Much Notice
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Reviews In Magazines	☐	☐	☐
What Your Favourite Band Uses	☐	☐	☐
Word Of Mouth	☐	☐	☐
What The Instrument Dealer Says	☐	☐	☐

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More	The Same	Less
☐	☐	☐

11 Technical content and detail: how would you like to see Musical Instrument Reviews in *Kerrang!*? (Please tick appropriate box).

More Technically Detailed ☐

About The Same ☐

Less Technically Detailed ☐

12 Are you (please tick appropriate box)

Professional ☐

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TIEBREAKER (in not more than 10 words)

I think *Kerrang!* is the world's loudest rock magazine because

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SINGLES

Reviewed by MICK WALL

JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP: 'Authority Song' (Riva)
This record eats, drinks, thinks and spews rock and roll from the mouth, the ears, the feet, the hands, the sweaty glands. . . coming at ya all the way from the lairy fairy land of A. . . MERRY. . . CARR!

Mmm-hmm, that's right, that's right. It's got a groove, a move, a face and a taste like no other floosie I've cavorted with since the last night I spent shooting my six-gun in the caves and graves of some all-night New York backroom brawl.

We're talking *serious* business here kiddies, so pay attention, show some respect and go out now and score a copy. G'wan, spoil yourselves. . .

ZZ TOP: 'TV Dinners'/'Cheap Sunglasses' (WEA 12")
Naw, not a 'double A side', as we say in the trade. But before we listen to the song the record company wanna push, let us consider for a mo. . . pause for effect. . . 'Cheap Sunglasses'.

Only my all-time favourite ZZ Top number, only resurrected for the B side, only a real classic blues strut through the swamplands of the boogie-man's land, only a brilliant track after all, innit?

The 12" version of 'TV Dinners' is the full length album recording, although the edited 7" cut loses none of the punch, not a drop of the juice, just maybe lacks a little of the *stamina*. Get acquainted with ZZ Top, they've got real friendly faces. . .

(P.S. For a limited period only when you buy this, you get a 12" Metal Mix of 'Legs' and 'Fool For Your Stockings', which makes this 45 an essential early purchase. . . run!)

JUDAS PRIEST: 'Some Heads Are Gonna Roll' (CBS)
The first psychedelic single from Judas Priest? Maybe not. I vividly remember shuffling around throwing shapes while I was doing the washing up every time 'Living After Midnight' came blasting out of my nuclear powered transistor radio. Oh, for at least two weeks I was a veritable slave to that song.

I'm still waiting for the follow up, and this isn't it.

RICK SPRINGFIELD: 'Jessie's Girl' (RCA 12")
This boy has a huge talent for writing great pop songs, great big jamboree bags filled to the brim with hooks, choruses and melodies a-go-go.

'Jessie's Girl' was Springfield's first number one in America and, really, there's no good reason why the same stunt shouldn't be pulled here. Ask Jonathan King, who insisted that RCA would be all the wiser and wealthier for re-releasing 'Jessie's Girl' in Britain. Let's *all* go ask Radio One if they'll deign to play it this time round, because if they do. . . well, why not?

ROCK GODDESS 'I Didn't Know I Loved You (Til I Saw You Rock And Roll)' (A&M)
The girls sound more like Suzi Quatro with every release, which suits me fine. Without straying an inch from the Gary Glitter original, Rock Goddess still manage somehow to beef up the sound to groin-grazing proportions. Now, if they'd only been able to afford Mike Chapman as a producer, or better still, Mike Leander. If only. . . we lived in a world without tears, if only. . . money grew on trees, if only. . .

BONNIE TYLER: 'Getting So Excited'/'Going Thru The Motions' (CBS)
Produced and directed by Jim Steinman, need one say more, Watson? 'Getting So Excited' sounds like lacklustre Muscle Shoals period Rod Stewart, knoworrimean? Adult lyrics spiked with barbed references to group sex and smoky nostrils amidst the colourful landscape of some ultra-Hollywood pop song scenario. Strictly for the over 30's, dig?

But the flip, 'Going Thru The Motions', makes it up with a distinctly Meat Loaf-esque treatment of the old Blue Oyster Cult groover.

THE VIBRATORS: 'Flying Home' (Ram Records)
I've been stuck on the Vibrators for years now. They always hit a nerve that makes my face tremble. So reminiscent of Syd Barrett's Pink Floyd, man, so much in love with Marc Bolan's corkscrew hair, so hopelessly trashy they haven't got a chance of living longer than one single at a time. I can really, you know, *relate*. . .

QUIET RIOT: 'Bad Boy' (Epic 12")
We are a dying, forgotten race, we who do not love Quiet Riot. Only last night several ex-friends of mine were seen queuing for tickets to see them. Why? I know not. This single does them no favours. It lacks vigour, it has no charm, no sense of purpose. It is a molehill which, by the almighty power of its own savage wish-fulfilment, has assumed the stature of a mountain. Millions will probably buy it. . .

GREAT WHITE 'Substitute' (EMI America)
Definitely a wrong move. You don't fool around with a Who song unless you want your name dragged behind the bike sheds and padlocked to a post. Whatever the music of Great White does for Paul Suter is, of course, his business, and I'm quite happy to keep it that way. I hear nothing I want to dream about on this single.

ANDY FRASER: 'Do You Love Me' (Island Import)
Dr Malcolm Doom brought me this back from New York and, frankly, I feel rather insulted. Conservative 'rock' versions of hoary old Motown hits that I grew out of years ago by ageing 'rock' stars I never grew into in the first place are really rather boring, don'tcha think?

BERNIE TORME: 'My Baby Loves A Vampire' (Zebra Records 12")
This is the Midnight Version, clocking in at eight-and-a-half minutes in all. It's about eight minutes too long, by my stop watch.

ALAN PARSONS PROJECT: 'Don't Answer Me' (Arista 12")
Jolly fop-along from those talented, witty Alan Parsons people. Very *Playschool*, very *Call My Bluff*, very boring. . .

ZEE: 'Confusion' (Harvest)
Featuring the *Alias Smith And Jones* of the modern day Rock Metropolis, Rick Wright (ex-Pink Floyd) and Dave Harris (ex-Fashion). This glides along with a moody, celestial funk motion with lightweight pop harmonies on a trigger-happy synth melody. It's not a single, but it's what you might call an *innaresting* track taken from their first album 'Identity' which is full of *innaresting* sounds.

VERITY: 'Rescue Me' (Precision)
All Verity really need to Make It is to get someone who can produce records to produce their records, someone who can play the drums with imagination to play the drums, some expression in the vocals, some new material that is actually listenable for longer than 30 seconds and about 100 grand from WEA. Then they'd be up there with the immortals: Big Richard, Little Bopper. . .

HAWKWIND: 'Night Of The Hawks'/'The Earth Ritual Preview' (Flicknife 12" EP)
You don't review Hawkwind, you are either For them or you are Against them. I am Against them. Most vehemently. Why don't we just own up and admit it's a load of old codswallop?

HUEY LEWIS: 'I Want A New Drug' (Chrysalis)
Me, I'd settle for an old drug, but then I'm not rich and famous like Huey Lewis. Currently top five in the US charts, I can't see a likewise situation developing over here in my crystal ball, but so what, it's still a great American pop/rock song, definitely first division material, just the wrong league. Come over and tour and see if you can't do a Rick Springfield, Huey. . .

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST: 'Victims Of Circumstance' (Polydor)
Dr Doom promises 40 days and 40 nights of apocalyptic calamities on the head of anyone who says this single is anything less than sheer brilliance. Honest, he means it! I'm not so suspicious so I'll just say this: mmm, gimme shelter. . . get the drift?

GARY MOORE: 'Shapes Of Things' (Ten)
'Victims Of The Future', I'm told, is Moore's best album for a long time and I'm happy to go along with that. The single though . . . well, it's finely produced, it's extremely well played, and it will never be a hit in a million years. It's not what they're looking for this time of year, Gal. What's more, it was never that great a song in the first place.

SHOUT!

YOUR MOUTH OFF!

★ What is your favourite pyrotechnic stage effect?

★ What would be your ideal imaginary rock festival line-up, featuring 10 bands from both the past AND the present?

★ Which was the LOUDEST gig you've ever attended? Date, place and band, please.

★ Which was the WORST gig you've ever attended? Date, place and band, please.

★ Who would be the ideal female companion for your fave rock vocalist? Famous actresses, models, etc. as well as gal musicians are eligible!

★ Who is the hairiest man in rock?

★ Who is the weediest man in rock?

★ If you could pick eleven rock musicians to play in a football team, who would they be and in what positions would they play?

★ Remember the Phantom Phlan Phlinger? Well, at whom in rock would YOU most like to throw a custard pie – and why?

Answers please to GEOFF BARTON, *KERRANG!*, 40 LONG ACRE, LONDON WC2.

Every reply received will be read, digested, collated and held for future use in . . . well, that would be telling. But take our work for it – it's going to be EXTRA special!

KERRANG! IN CONJUNCTION WITH POLYDOR RECORDS & B.C. RICH GUITARS PRESENTS...

AN EXCLUSIVE DNA COMPETITION..!

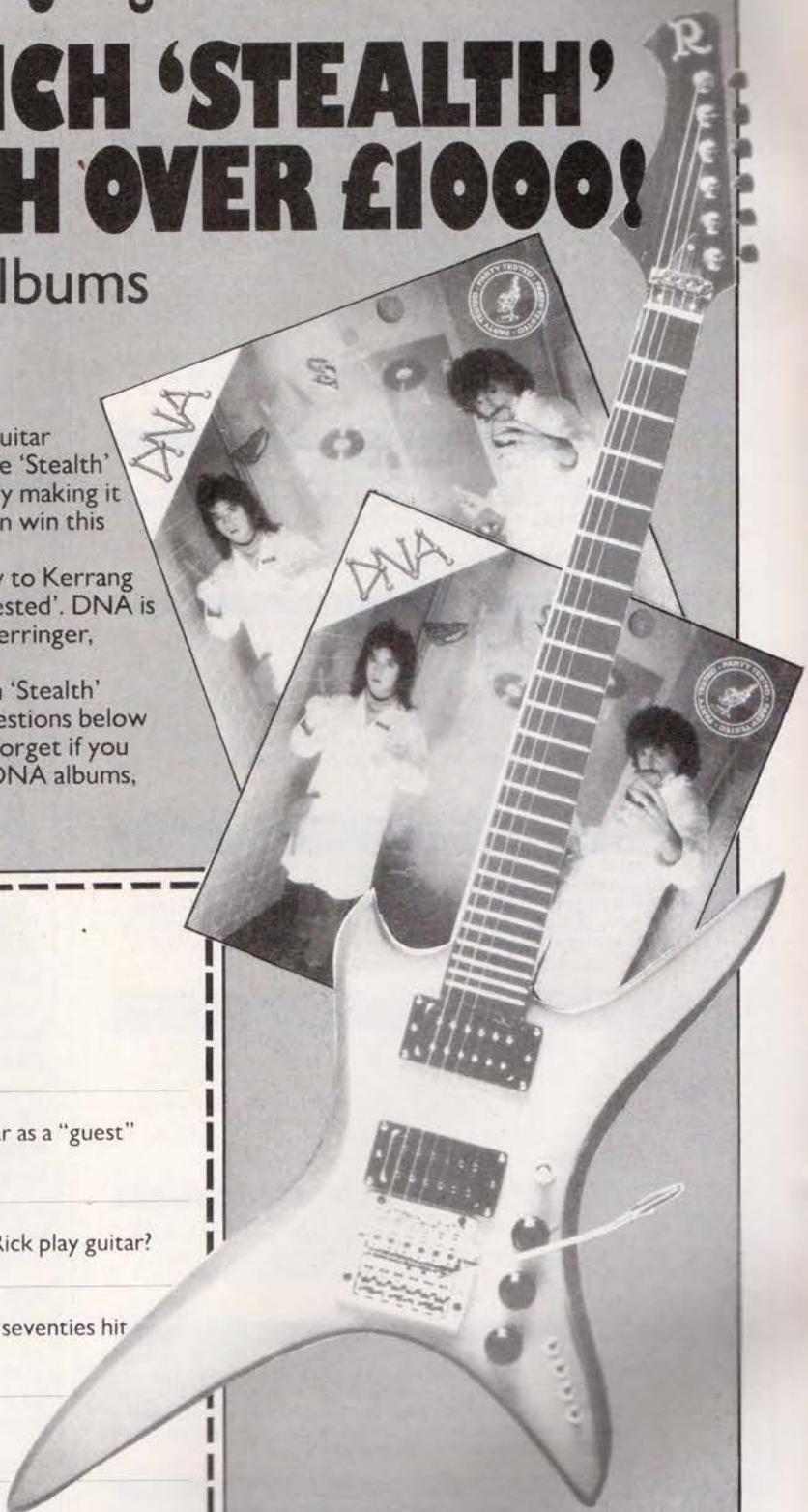
WIN A B.C. RICH 'STEALTH' GUITAR WORTH OVER £1000!

Plus 25 'Party Tested' albums as runners-up prizes!

Yes, you can win this fantastic B.C. Rich 'Stealth' guitar especially designed by Rick Derringer for B.C. Rich. The 'Stealth' guitar has become such a popular model that the factory making it can't keep up with the orders it's received – and *you* can win this guitar exclusively in Kerrang magazine!

This superb competition also introduces especially to Kerrang magazine the band DNA and their new album 'Party Tested'. DNA is the fusion of the talents of Carmine Appice and Rick Derringer, backed by Duane Hitchings and Jimmy Johnson.

To have the chance to win your fabulous B.C. Rich 'Stealth' guitar could not be easier – just answer the six easy questions below – cut out the coupon and send it off today – and don't forget if you don't win you still have a chance to win one of the 25 DNA albums, 'Party Tested'.



TO: KERRANG! DNA COMPETITION,
P.O. BOX 16, HARLOW, ESSEX

What was Rick Derringer's first hit record?

Name three other artists' albums on which Rick played guitar as a "guest" prior to 1983.

On which lady's No. 1 single in U.K. and U.S.A. in 1983 did Rick play guitar?

Which title on the DNA album is a cover version of an early seventies hit and who originally recorded it?

Who produced the DNA album, "Party Tested"?

Where was the DNA album recorded?

Name

Address

RULES & REGULATIONS

The prizes and competition are exclusive to Kerrang readers. Employees and their families of Spotlight Publications, Morgan Grampian, Polydor, Phonogram, Polygram and any subsidiary or associate company may not enter this competition.

The closing date for all entries is

The results of the competition will be published in Kerrang magazine future edition.

NONCERTS

Pic Ross Halfin

QUIET RIOT: if this is the Metal Health Service, we're joining BUPA!

SCARS 'N' STRIPES

QUIET RIOT/ROX
Hammersmith Odeon, London

WHEN THE smile starts to curl into a snarl and the laughter rings out with a hollow bellow of leering cynicism, then it's time to can the can and hearken unto the whispering winds of mediocrity.

Rox, the Mancunian quintet hailed by some as harbingers of a new era in quality British music, drifted through their support set almost unnoticed, being neither *good enough* nor *bad enough* to make an impact. Their presence was irrelevant. Competent songs performed by a band of (allegedly) nice guys – not the stuff of legends or leaders.

In their dreams, Rox would obviously like to nestle under the platinum quilt of Quiet Riot. The question is . . . what *are* Quiet Riot? Are they the new Van Halen? Nah, they're not sloppily poised enough. How about Cheap Trick in stripes? Nope, their songs lack the sophisticated quirkiness of the Tricksters. Or maybe they're Mötley Crüe? No, these guys aren't prettily sleazy enough. In short, Quiet Riot are . . . confused.

Here is an act that would undoubtedly go down a storm in the clubs. Here is an act that provided strong support on Judas Priest's '83 UK tour. Yet here is an act lacking the strength of purpose, identity and sheer talent to stand tall in the spotlight. Having been swept to prominence on the crest of a wave of scarcely planned euphoria, the Rioteers proved themselves staggeringly inept, without the clout to back up frontman Kevin DuBrow's 'shout it out', rabble-rousin' poses 'n' postures.

Sure, drummer Frankie Banali and bassist Rudy Sarzo were instrumentally excellent, heavy on the beat and solid to the core. But the band offered nothing else to relieve the tedium. It says an awful lot that the one song in the set which stood out was . . . 'Cum On Feel The Noize'. Indeed, just about the one positive thing Quiet Riot can claim to have done for rock 'n' roll in the Eighties is to have revitalised American interest in Slade. Judged on this performance, the sooner our Transatlantic cousins get to see the 'engineers' onstage the quicker they'll come to realise what an oily rag fraud is the QR bandwagon.

Moreover, if the stiflingly boring 'Stomp Your Hands & Clap Your Feet' (the one new song included on the night) is representative of the type of material to be included on the band's next album, 'Condition Critical', then the Metal Health Service is already washed up and beached, the carcass ready to be picked clean by the music biz vultures.

Quiet Riot have inexplicably managed to gain considerable, yet undeserved, success in the past year. Perhaps it's time to question the standards of an industry that allowed the truly excellent Angel to lay down and die whilst nurturing mediocrity *in extremis*. Yeah, that wind is rapidly becoming a gale!

MALCOLM DOME

TED NUGENT/AIRRACE
Hammersmith Odeon, London

OOOHH, BABY, BABY, it's a wild world we do live in! When a 'band' as musically inept and creatively juvenile as Airrace can get signed up clean and easy by Atlantic Records, while groups with Mohammed Ali-sized muscles like Manowar, or even Marseille, get the bum's rush from the mealy-mouthed moguls, questions should be asked in the House.

I've got to rewind the memory-bank tapes all the way back to some distant, draggy sixth-form knees-up to recall the last time this boy mercilessly killed an evening stone dead rubbing bony shoulders with skeletal waistrels so musically deficient, so visually deceased as Airrace!

But, like, don't ask me, man, ask the *real* people . . . the pop punters who yawned into their £6.50 tickets and fell face-first into the upstairs bar, sneers and death-threats daubed across their pretty 'boat races' like Hollywood warpaint. Oh, oh, oh, these gringo journalists, you know, they speak so *personally* . . . well, yeah, maybe, but, excuse *me*, I took it personally. You want 'constructive criticism'? Try this for size: go home, change your image, write a hit single and we'll see you in a month . . . etc! etc! etc! And yes, it is a fact that the drummer, Jason, is the son of John Bonham (RIP).

Unt zooooo . . .

Aficionados of the Teddy Bear Bop Rap (translation: A Nugent Take Off Into The Verbal Stratosphere, Part 101) who couldn't get it together to rob their grandmothers of their post-office pension subs in time to make the show, this bit's for you . . .

*"I really admire England! What happened when the Americans went to rescue the hostages in Iran? We fell flat on our f**king asses in the desert. But what happened when they tried that s**t in London? The SAS blew them to pieces – that's what happened! Those SAS guys are the baddest motherf**kers in THE WORLD!!* (Cheers).

*"I used to think Ronnie Reagan had balls, but your Maggie Thatcher – now she's got some nuts. When those Argentinian bastards tried to take the Falkland Islands you f**kin' blew 'em up. I couldn't believe my eyes!* (Bigger cheers).

"Now you got some treasures in England, and I ain't talking about Big Ben. I'm talking about Lady Di. That's some classy . . ."

I could have sworn he said *gal* at this point, although others amongst the audience will testify the man said . . . something entirely different . . . come on kidz, the censor can't muck with your imagination . . .

In conclusion: *"Lady Di WHERE ARE YOU?!!!"*

Actually, as irony would have it, her and the old man were attending the Genesis gig at the NEC in Birmingham that night.

Yeah, yeah, so talk to us about the music . . . who said that? Not so fast, my little mascara snakes . . .

Legendary Ted Nugent is a phenomenon I haven't witnessed in nearly four years of one-off Hammy Odeon gigs. It's hard to be absolutely specific here, there were hordes of first-time buyers at the gig who loved every second, only I wasn't one of them.

Nugent moves less on stage than of old, a significant point considering the way he's used and abused stages the world over for 15 years or more, delighting the salivating sons-of-World-War-Two each and every time.

The band are new, although that's no big news in itself. They played well, they did not screw up, they just did not bring the big baaad hammer down the way they surely can. I get the feeling Nugent isn't really *that* concerned about having any marked success in the UK over and above the level he's maintained for years now. And, strangely, he seems to be reaching, however tentatively, for a new-found, uh, pop consciousness completely alien to his nature. Meaning . . . lots of vocal harmonies, ultra-action on the keyboards, and a surreal evocation of 'professionalism' that arrived as an unexpected, frankly unwanted, move into undetermined directions.

Nine out of ten numbers from the new 'Penetrator' album were performed to the exclusion of such mind-numbing, physically addictive potions as 'Wango Tango', 'Motor City Madhouse', 'Hibernation', 'Just What The Doctor Ordered' and . . . and . . . he *did* do 'Great White Buffalo', 'Cat Scratch Fever', 'Wang Dang Sweet Poontang', 'Bound And Gagged' and 'Dog Eat Dog'.

However, whatever Nugent chooses to play, or not, as the case may be, the fact remains that the man and his band were *good*, certainly. Only where Ted Nugent is concerned, here in the UK we don't get the opportunity to see him often enough for 'good' to be anywhere near acceptable. It's a tribute, if you like, to the man's colossal reputation as a solid gold live attraction that anything less than perfect is poor and disappointing.

I mean, when you come away from a Ted Nugent concert and the one and only truly memorable moment captured in your mind's eye is the man's, admittedly hysterical, rap, then you're entitled to feel let down.

Whatever happened to the Scream Dream, Ted? MICK WALL

GENESIS
NEC, Birmingham

POWERFUL MAGIC gripped Genesis as they went into overdrive during the last of their five historic concerts in Birmingham. The band elevated themselves to a playing peak that was virtually a higher state of consciousness. It was a kind of musical nirvana which all bands strive for, yet rarely attain.

Coming back to Genesis after the clamour of so many pretenders and usurpers was like coming back to the mothership; an emotional experience. As I watched the band, caught up in a maelstrom of applause from the 8,000 strong crowd and swathed in a fury of light, smoke and sound, I couldn't help but think back over the various Genesis gigs I'd seen, from tiny clubs to town halls, from provincial theatres to this vast international arena. Just a few yards away sat the Prince and Princess of Wales, in the thick of the crowd, Charles wrestling with his earplugs, and Diana cheerfully joining in on Phil Collins' music hall routines.

I have only seen one Genesis concert that was faintly below standard and that was at the Hammersmith Odeon a few years ago. I wasn't quite sure how the band had shaped up since, but a flurry of recent hits, a dose of American touring and 'last night' fever seemed to inject a massive dose of energy. When Mike Rutherford and Daryl Stuermer broke into an impromptu Shadows-style walk, it was tantamount to

CONTINUES OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

riotous assembly. Never had the band looked so happy!

The team were supercharged by that particle of positive matter, Phil Collins, whose stage command has taken a quantum leap forward. The Artful Dodger of yesteryear has turned into the pantomime villain. Yet Phil commands respect and admiration because he can do it all, without seeming to show off.

When he drums, he merges into the band, rocking alongside Chester Thompson, his percussive *alter ego*. When he sings, the power and intensity is a baring of the soul. And when he talks and clowns he is the eternal ordinary man, speech clipped and urgent, yet calm and assured as he gauges the mood of the horde spread out in the darkness. He joked about the Midlands, about the Royal guests, and about the 'old days'.

And then there was the music, brisk, overpowering, projected with deadly accuracy. After battling through the body searches and security checks, I was just in time to hear 'That's All', one of the best songs on the platimum 'Genesis' album. Phil couldn't resist breaking into a barn dance of delight before composing himself for an astounding version of their new classic, 'Mama', the famed hideous laugh and groan echoing around the cavernous hall while his face was lit by a single stabbing beam.

Then Phil began a rap: *"Many people come up to us and say: 'How come you always play this song instead of that song?' So we sat down and got out all our old numbers* (HOORAY) . . . *and then put them away again* (BOO), *and then we got them out again* (HOORAY!), *and then we put them away* (BOO) . . ." This went on for several minutes until Phil finally introduced *"a trip down memory lane"*, which meant 'The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway' and a crescendo to evoke choking emotion in even the most seasoned Genesis watcher.

"Now the moment you have all been waiting for." Phil barked, *"Audience participation time. Maybe some people out there are not into it – I accept your apologies. We're going to get in touch with THE OTHER WORLD. All put your hands in the air and go 'oo'."* This led to the somewhat surprising spectacle of HRH The Princess of Wales, in the celebrated bow tie and dinner jacket, raising her hands in the air and going 'oo'.

This was the cue for 'Home By the Sea'. Vari-lights, hundreds of them, swivelled, changed colour and showered a waterfall of light across the stage during an opus which afforded Tony Banks and Daryl the chance to show how much they've advanced as hot Metal soloists. It may not have been heads down boogie, but they got pretty damn close.

A beautiful 'Carpet Crawler' led to a flurry of cigarette lighters being held aloft, and 'Keep It Dark' from 'Abacab', complete with Banksian church chimes, led us towards the most explosive moments of the evening, a stunning 'In The Cage' from 'The Lamb . . .'. The tension was sustained when Phil and Chester launched into a drum duet with telepathic timing. There was more thunder, from the audience now, as they welcomed the stirring strains of 'Los Endos' with stamping feet.

When Phil sang those heroic lines *'I can show you the people in my life'*, during an equally powerful 'Turn It On Again', the audience was in a state bordering on delirium. There had to be an escape valve and the pent up energy was safely channelled into an unexpected medley of Sixties' hits. The Dukes of Progression stomped into 'Satisfaction', 'Twist And Shout', 'Everybody Needs Somebody To Love', the anthems of Cream, The Who and even Culture Club. Adventurously, Phil sang 'Karma Chameleon' with, dare I say it, more panache than Boy George himself.

There was no need for spurious encores. We were sated. Genesis had given their all and the audience knew it.

CHRIS WELCH

MANOWAR
Odeon, Birmingham

'The sound of Metal so loud it cracks the beams.'

MAYBE IT wasn't quite as wild as that, but plaster was noted to have fallen from the roof of the NEC – and Manowar were actually letting rip ten miles away at the Odeon! We ain't just talking loud here guys, this was indeed 'total head removal', and here I sit, senses shattered, bonce restored courtesy of Birmingham General Hospital, simply wondering just what's hit me. Sure, we've heard loud *mouths*, but Nugent is nothing and Hagar is harmless compared to Manowar who quite simply stand totally and utterly alone in the realms of destruction! Big mouths, bigger sound and total insanity for each and every nut present.

Manowar live are utterly invincible. They're actually *too* loud for the human species to comprehend but, since their following is predominantly in the animal league, then 'problem' is a noun *non gratis*. What can I say? The attack of the band is so lethal that it completely smashes any theories previously held as to how far this ugly animal Heavy Metal can venture into the realms of excess . . . and success as a matter of course.

Yet, beneath the amazing intensity, there lies a band of imperious proficiency, a concept that cannot be ridiculed when its full live weight is bearing down on you. Quite simply, HM ecstacy . . .

As you might well know, I've been in two minds as to how Manowar should be judged, and a pre-show tape of ethnic Chinese music clouded the issue still further. Yet, taking to the stage in the blaze of glory that is the song 'Manowar', the band dispelled all previous doubts with the cutting edge of a gleaming broadsword.

Joey DeMaio's long, dark mane, (death to false haircuts!) whips his face, Ross The Boss whips the faithful with *axus incredabile* and Scott Columbus brings holocaust home to roost with intense nuclear drums. "It's death, man," what more can you say?!

Well, I could mention the icing on the cake, the supreme vocal performance of Eric Adams, such a quiet, affable fella away from the lights, but in the glare of that follow-spot a diamond shiner. Everything you hear on record is reproduced by 'bellow lungs' and all vocals are pinned down with melodic furore. His handling of 'Battle Hymns' and 'Gates Of Valhalla' was almost too much to bear. When he sports the studded gauntlet for 'Gloves Of Metal' it's hardly frightening, but then again that's entertainment for you.

Mind you, I wouldn't argue with the three broadswords which are produced for the encore. Twirled around in dervish fashion, crossed to signify 'death to False Metal', I loved every sweat-ridden action.

With so much Metal aiming for this area and either falling flat on its arse or dying of boredom, Manowar are the *real* alternative to make you all believers. Live is their essence, live is their *forté*, and I make no apologies for granting them ultimate accolades.

HOWARD JOHNSON

HALL & OATES
NEC, Birmingham

IT PROBABLY comes as the biggest shock since Sabbath were allowed to headline Reading, but Udo Dirkschneider's *alter ego*, the vole-like Dave Dickson, sure hit the nail on the proverbial head in his recent *Komment* kolumn. Narrow-mindedness and bigotry only kill off your own passion for music and 'cos I ain't been sucked into this ridiculous head game, I followed a night of fury chez Manowar with an evening of exquisitely mellow 'n' moody rock 'n' soul courtesy of the only consistently enthralling act within the style, the much revered Hall & Oates.

Daryl 'n' John are as different as chalk 'n' cheese yet as harmonious as any two musos could be (and don't make of that what you will!). With a band tighter than a wounded war veteran's *tourniquet*, this was, in its own casual manner, a gig to savour.

Not that I'd been too impressed when the lights went down. Daryl cut an imposing figure, parading around with total confidence sporting spaghetti-frilled shirt and rockabilly, as opposed to rock 'n' soul, quiff, red guitar slung low as is a *bandalero's* wont. This was the business. He could've been an Alarmist or a Stray Cat, hep bastard!

But . . . opener 'Family Man' was a disaster, with instruments flitting in and out quicker than a Mick Wall office visit. The whole kaboodle sunk without trace within the voluminous expanse of the NEC – and my heart sank with it. What could I report to the boss? Would my fave non-Metallic act die a painstaking death? Why was I here? I needn't have worried!

Once Mr. Soundman had performed the necessary salvage job, however, H&O slipped effortlessly into gear, reeling off the hits with obvious joy and eventually igniting a rock 'n' roll dance party in a pig pen – some achievement I can tell you!

I say 'eventually' because Metallers are sorely missed at H&O shows. They need some rockin' rather than rockin' chair audiences to give the onstage energy some feedback. And believe me H&O live are H.O.T – electric!

With Daryl and John's axes pumping rhythm, it was left to lead player GE Smith to provide some most definitely Metallic bite. A Suterian killer for sure, he exploited the rockier passages to the full and filled the classic 'You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'' to gross proportions. It tasted good!

Yet, of course, it is inspired songwriting that makes Hall & Oates what they are, and the set was utterly and completely comprehensive from the cool, funky soul of 'One On One' and set closer 'Open All Night', which simply burst forth with sentiment live, to the raunchier rock 'n' roll of 'Art Of Heartbreak', 'Private Eyes' and 'Diddy Doo Wop'. You name it, they played it, the crowd dug it . . . and I just know that you Toto and Journey lovers would go nuts for this if you'd only give Hall & Oates a chance!

HOWARD JOHNSON

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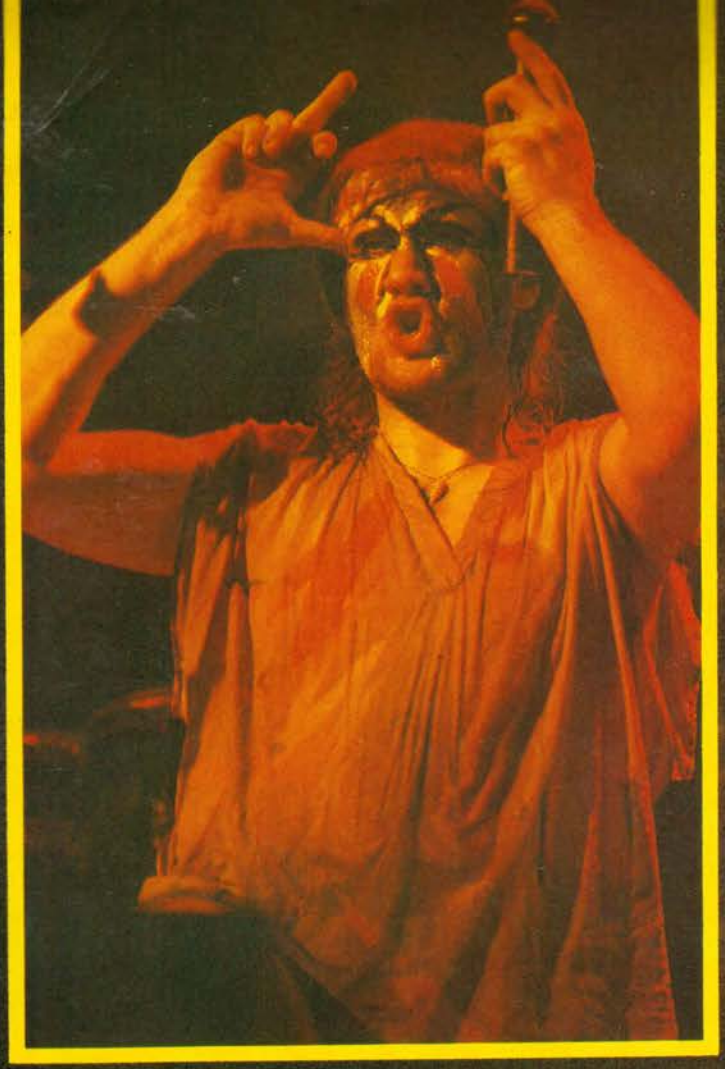
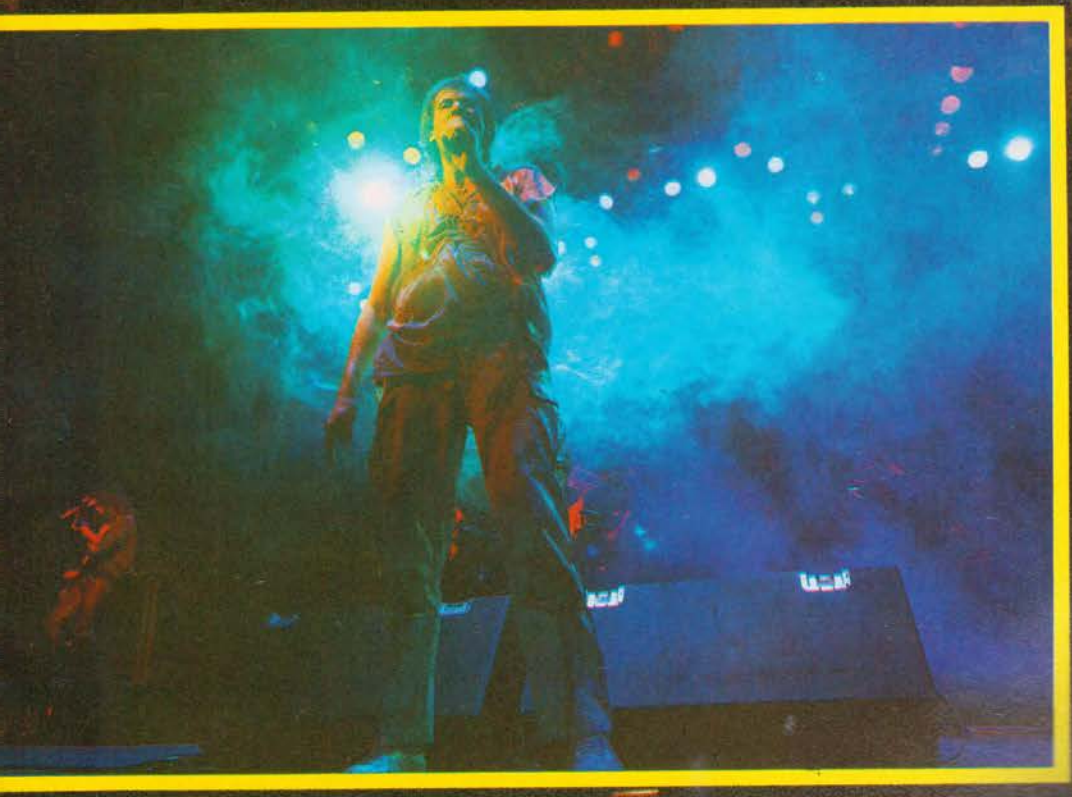




All pics Ray Palmer

FUGAZI ~ what a scorcher!

ROMP

HURTS SO GOOD

MARK PUTTERFORD discusses rhythm 'n' bruise with BLACK 'N' BLUE.

YOU'D BE forgiven for thinking this was Van Halensville. From the wall of a Hollywood record store, a huge painting of lightning-lips Roth and his colourful comrades in crime stares down the poster-splattered boulevard, as a stream of gleaming Flash 'Arry convertibles glide by blaring out 'Jump' from their mega-watt, door-to-door hi-fi speakers.

Everywhere you focus your bleary mince pies, that fag-handed kid (cigarette, that is) looks over his shoulder and you begin to wonder if there's ANY competition in Los Angeles for Top Jimmy's serenaders.

Now that's not true, because at the moment with bands like Def Leppard and Quiet Riot raking in the readies and joining the more established dollar-machines on parade, rock'n'roll copulation is the flavour of the year and new HM bands are springing up all over the place as the record companies look for their Leppards and Riots.

LA is alive with hopeful HMers and you can't step outside your door without spotting an Eddie VH clone. Competition is hot and so the spice is tasted in the bands that are a little different from the rest.

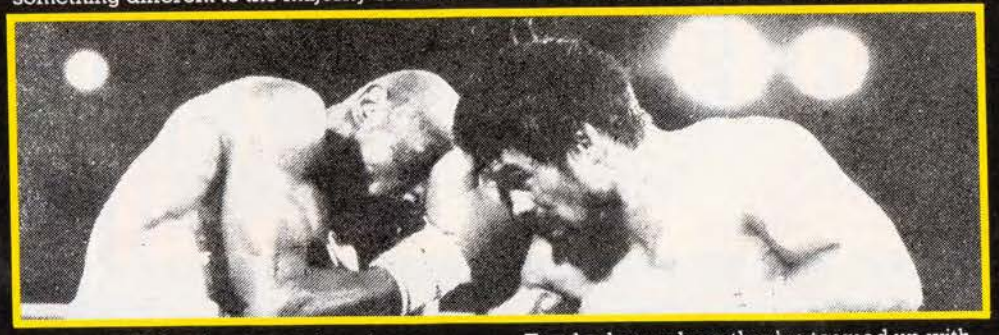
Slouching in the shade of a pizza-bar somewhere in the sprawling metropolis, I find the five amiable blokes (sorry, 'guys') that make up one of the latest HM signings in LA, Black 'N' Blue.

They're a Portland crew of two years standing who came to LA early last year. The line-up is Jaime St James (vocals), Tommy Thayer and Jeff Warner (gee-tars), Patrick Young (bass) and Peter Holmes (drums) and they were signed by Geffen on the strength of a five-song demo which was produced by Michael Wagener and Don Dokken.

INTRODUCTIONS OVER, I wondered if they felt the competition around them.

"We did a little at first," sturdy stixman Holmes replies, "but we got lucky and were signed by a major company within eight months of coming here, so now we don't feel the competition as much.

"Anyway, we always knew we had something different to the majority of bands coming to LA hoping to get signed, so we didn't feel the competition directly. A lot of these bands look and sound the same – they just pick up stuff from one another – whereas we're a little different."



How?

"We're different musically," singer and Dee Snider lookalike Jaime St James answers. "While we were in Portland, we played Top 40 cover versions and pop stuff, so when we came to write our own material in the HM vein, we mixed the two and tended to stand out."

"Also," adds guitarist Tommy Thayer, "we're different because we're a team, whereas there's a lot of bands around here who've got one superstar and the rest are just faceless backing musicians. There's no clone here, we're a solid unit and we all pull together."

How difficult is it to be original?

"Nothing in rock'n'roll is original," t'other six-stringer Jeff Warner laughs, "everything has been stolen. So I wouldn't say we were original and we don't have a gimmick or anything like that to get us publicity, we just play kick-ass rock'n'roll and put our effort into making the best songs we can. . . "

SINCE PITCHING in LA, B 'N' B have broadcast their wares around the boards at clubs like the Roxy, Country Club and the Troubadour, where they've teamed up with Quiet Riot, Dio, Vandenberg and Heart amongst others along the way.

"The shows with Dio were magic," Thayer muses, "but when we played with Heart, it was like playing in front of my parents!"

"I had to tone down what I was saying," Dee, er, Jaime recalls, "because I'd scream something at them and they'd just sit there and stare at me looking amazed."

What do you anticipate the reaction in Europe will be to Black 'N' Blue?

"We have no idea what it's like over there," Jaime shakes his mass of cascading curls, "because we've never been off the West Coast in our lives.

"The first few shows we do before the album comes out will just be us feeling our way around a bit. I'm sure the people in Europe will be a little different – but I guess the people in different parts of the United States are different as well. We really have no idea, but we're hoping to find out as soon as possible."

"I think rock'n'rollers over there (Europe) are for real," wagers Warner, "and the HM scene is much more genuine than it is here. Even though Metal is the biggest thing in LA right now, it's only kinda surged over from Europe and people here are only catching on to what's happening over there.

"It seems to us through reading magazines like *Kerrang!* that HM is more of a cult thing in Europe and the fans really believe in what they do. They'll go and buy the most obscure records as well as the popular ones, whereas here in the States everyone just listens to the radio.

"I think you guys over there like the pure heavy stuff and stick to that extreme most of the time. That's maybe why there aren't many American bands who're massive in England (I'm sure he meant Britain, folks), because the fans don't particularly like the commercial rock'n'roll."

HE MAY be right. I dunno, you tell me, but whatever, the two-tone terrors will soon be over to suss things out for themselves. And they're very keen too, because during our pizza-patch parley, they asked me more questions than I asked them.

Still, the plan is this. They've just hit Kraut country to record their debut album with Dieter Dierks, and during this ten week period, they intend to slip away from the studio to do a few gigs – most notably with Whitesnake at the Hammersmith Odeon on April 1 and 2.

Then it's the long and winding road across the US of A during the Summer and hopefully a return to us before the end of the year.

"We're gonna bring something special over for our British shows," Jaime looks at me with a malicious glint in his eye, "because we hear there aren't many chicks at the concerts over there.

"Y'see, we sell wicked bitches from trailers outside after our shows and we thought we'd give you guys a treat. So we're bringing over 1600 wicked bitches with us!"

Make mine a double.

SINGLES

1	2	JUMP	**Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
2	4	RUN RUNAWAY	**Slade** (RCA)
3	1	PUNCH & JUDY	**Marillion** (EMI)
4	—	BLUE LIGHT	**David Gilmour** (Harvest)
5	3	WARHEAD	**Venom** (Neat)
6	13	PHOTOGRAPH	**Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
7	5	ROCK YOU LIKE A HURRICANE	**Scorpions** (Harvest)
8	—	NIGHT OF THE HAWKS	**Hawkwind** (Flicknife)
9	7	EYES IN THE NIGHT (ARRIVE ALIVE)	**Pallas** (Harvest)
10	8	SHOOTING SHARK	**Blue Öyster Cult** (CBS)
11	—	ALL HELL'S BREAKIN' LOOSE	**Kiss** (Casablanca import)
12	6	HOLD BACK THE NIGHT	**Aldo Nova** (Portrait)
13	—	HERE WE GO ROCK 'N' ROLL	**Spider** (A&M)
14	9	LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD	**Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
15	11	BIRD OF PARADISE	**Snowy White** (Towerbell)
16	—	BAD BOY	**Quiet Riot** (Epic)
17	14	SAILING TO AMERICA	**Saxon** (Carrere)
18	10	BURNING IN THE HEAT	**Girlschool** (Bronze)
19	12	1984	**Spirit** (Mercury)
20	18	FREEWHEEL BURNING	**Judas Priest** (CBS)
21	20	MIDNIGHT PROMISES	**Mama's Boys** (Spartan)
22	16	DEFENDER	**Manowar** (Music For Nations)
23	15	ARE YOU READY	**Samson** (Polydor)
24	19	HOLD ON TO LOVE	**Gary Moore** (Ten)
25	21	JUMP IN THE FIRE	**Metallica** (Music For Nations)
26	—	LOVE TIMES LOVE	**Heavy Pettin** (Polydor)
27	17	GIVE ME MORE TIME	**Whitesnake** (Liberty)
28	23	IF I'D BEEN THE ONE	**38 Special** (A&M)
29	22	BARK AT THE MOON	**Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
30	27	EAT THE RICH	**Tysondog** (Neat)

Compiled by MRIB

ALBUMS

1	6	1984	**Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
2	1	VICTIMS OF THE FUTURE	**Gary Moore** (Ten)
3	3	THE SENTINEL	**Pallas** (Harvest)
4	2	SLIDE IT IN	**Whitesnake** (Liberty)
5	4	HAIL TO ENGLAND	**Manowar** (Music For Nations)
6	7	LIVE & LET LIVE	**Twelfth Night** (Music For Nations)
7	16	HAWKWIND	**Hawkwind** (Liberty)
8	46	UNCHAINED	**Thor** (Ultra Noise)
9	8	CRUSADER	**Saxon** (Carrere)
10	9	PENETRATOR	**Ted Nugent** (Atlantic)
11	10	MINI LP	**Hellion** (Music For Nations)
12	—	GREAT WHITE	**Great White** (EMI America)
13	5	THE RODS LIVE	**Rods** (Music For Nations)
14	—	ANIMAL GRACE	**April Wine** (Capitol)
15	27	TOUR DE FORCE	**38 Special** (A&M)
16	15	PYROMAINIA	**Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
17	24	BON JOVI	**Bon Jovi** (Mercury)
18	11	DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH	**Judas Priest** (CBS)
19	14	WHITE FLAMES	**Snowy White** (Towerbell)
20	22	HOLY DIVER	**Dio** (Vertigo)
21	12	HEADING FOR A STORM	**Vandenberg** (Atco)
22	—	OUT OF THE CELLAR	**Ratt** (Atlantic)
23	13	FISTFUL OF METAL	**Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
24	34	THE AMAZING KAMIKAZE SYNDROME	**Slade** (RCA)
25	23	ELIMINATOR	**ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
26	18	OUTSIDE THE LAW	**Lloyd-Langton Group** (Flicknife)
27	25	SUBJECT	**Aldo Nova** (Portrait)
28	28	THE REVOLUTION BY NIGHT	**Blue Öyster Cult** (CBS)
29	20	BALLS TO THE WALL	**Accept** (Portrait)
30	17	ONCE BITTEN . . . TWICE SHY	**Shy** (Ebony)
31	21	PRICELESS	**Lisa Price** (Mirus)
32	42	LIVE AT THE MARQUEE	**Stray** (Gull)
33	19	SEE YOU IN HELL	**Grim Reaper** (Ebony)
34	26	BARK AT THE MOON	**Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
35	31	BACK TO BACK	**Status Quo** (Vertigo)
36	33	90125	**Yes** (Atco)
37	38	PREPARE TO DIE	**Slayer** (Rainforest)
38	29	RAMPAGE	**Rampage** (Fastlane)
39	—	VIOLENCE & FORCE	**Exciter** (Music For Nations)
40	50	COSMIC FANTASY	**Alien** (Ultra Noise)
41	36	SEE YOU IN HELL	**Crossfire** (Mausoleum)
42	30	MANIAC	**Acid** (Megaton)
43	32	SHOW NO MERCY	**Slayer** (Metal Blade/ Roadrunner)
44	37	NO MERCY	**Bullet** (Lark)
45	—	GUITAR ALLEY	**Santers** (Ready Records)
46	45	STAR FLEET PROJECT	**Brain May & Friends** (EMI)
47	39	METAL HEALTH	**Quiet Riot** (Epic)
48	—	TEASING EYES	**Jade** (Zaphia)
49	35	MELISSA	**Mercyful Fate** (Music For Nations)
50	41	LIFE	**Thin Lizzy** (Vertigo)

Compiled by MRIB

TOP ROCK & HM ALBUMS

15 Years Ago (Mar 22 1969)

1 GOODBYE **Cream** (Polydor)
2 ROCK MACHINE I LOVE YOU **Various** (CBS)
3 STONEDHENGE **Ten Years After** (Deram)
4 YOU CAN ALL JOIN IN **Various** (Island)
5 BEGGAR'S BANQUET **Rolling Stones** (Decca)
6 FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT **Family** (Reprise)
7 FRESH CREAM **Cream** (Reaction)
8 GUTBUCKET **Various** (Liberty)
9 DISRAELI GEARS **Cream** (Reaction)
10 WHEELS OF FIRE **Cream** (Polydor)

10 Years Ago (Mar 23 1974)

1 BURN **Deep Purple** (Purple)
2 OLD, NEW, BORROWED AND BLUE **Slade** (Polydor)
3 DARK SIDE OF THE MOON **Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
4 THE FREE STRORY **Free** (Island)
5 BRAIN SALAD SURGERY **Emerson, Lake & Palmer** (Manticore)
6 SLAUGHTER ON 10th AVENUE **Mick Ronson** (RCA)
7 A NICE PAIR **Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
8 TALES FROM TOPOGRAPHIC OCEANS **Yes** (Atlantic)
9 COAST TO COAST: OVERTURES & BEGINNERS (LIVE) **Faces** (Warner Brothers)
10 MOONTAN **Golden Earring** (Track)

5 Years Ago (Mar 24 1979)

1 DESOLATION ANGELS **Bad Company** (Swansong)
2 BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland)
3 STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT **UFO** (Chrysalis)
4 LIVE AT THE BUDOKAN **Cheap Trick** (Epic)
5 OVERKILL **Motorhead** (Bronze)
6 FORCE MAJEURE **Tangerine Dream** (Virgin)
7 KILLING MACHINE **Judas Priest** (CBS)
8 NO MEAN CITY **Nazareth** (Mountain)
9 LIVE AND DANGEROUS **Thin Lizzy** (Vertigo)
10 CHAPPO **Roger Chapman** (Acrobat)

Compiled from the MRIB archives

IMPORT ALBUMS

1 PENETRATOR **Ted Nugent** (Atlantic)
2 BON JOVI **Bon Jovi** (Mercury)
3 OUT OF THE CELLAR **Ratt** (Atlantic)
4 PRICELESS **Lisa Price** (Mirus)
5 SHOW NO MERCY **Slayer** (Metal Blade/Roadrunner)
6 COSMIC FANTASY **Alien** (Mongol Horde)
7 SEE YOU IN HELL **Crossfire** (Mausoleum)
8 GUITAR ALLEY **Santers** (Ready Records)
9 TEASING EYES **Jade** (Zaphia)
10 LOVE AT FIRST STING **Scorpions** (Harvest)

Compiled by MRIB

PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . .

MICK WALL
'EXILE ON MAIN STREET' Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
'FUNHOUSE' Iggy & The Stooges (Elektra)
'UH-HUH' John Cougar Mellencamp (Riva)

MALCOLM DOME
'ALCHEMY' Dire Straits (Vertigo)
'OUT OF THE CELLAR' Ratt (Atlantic import)
'STELLAR MASTERS' Malice (demo)

DANTE BONUTTO
'BLACK WIND' Manowar (live in St. Albans)
'STELLAR MASTERS' Malice (demo)
'ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST' Dire Straits (track from 'Alchemy' LP on Vertigo)

GEOFF BARTON
'BON JOVI' Bon Jovi (Mercury)
'MONY MONY' Baby Tuckoo (Ultra Noise 45)
'THE SENTINEL' Pallas (Harvest)

KERRANG!

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TOUR DATES

STATUS QUO *headline an outdoor festival at Selhurst Park in South London (home of Crystal Palace Football Club) on July 4. Tickets are priced at £9.50 and are available by postal application only from:* ***JCP/Q Tour, PO Box 2AD, London W1A 2AD,*** *Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to* ***'JCP/Q Tour'****, an SAE and 40 days should be allowed for delivery.*

It's likely that the whole event will run from 4pm – 10.15pm and several other acts will be announced shortly.

Quo have also added the following dates to their itinerary: Birmingham NEC May 25 and Bridlington Spa June 21. Tickets for Birmingham are available by post only from: ***Quarry Productions, PO Box 290, London SW1 V2DQ.*** *They're priced at £7.50/£6.50. Cheques/POs should be made payable to* ***'FTMO'****. Tickets for Bridlington are priced at £7.50 and are now on sale at the box office.*

DAVE GILMOUR *will be playing four UK shows over the next few weeks. The confirmed dates are: Dublin Stadium March 31, Belfast Whitlaw Hall April 2, London Hammersmith Odeon 29/30.*

Tickets for the London gigs are £7.50/£6.50/£5.50.

Gilmour's touring band will comprise ***Mick Ralphs*** *(guitar – formerly with* ***Bad Company****),* ***Chris Slade*** *(drums – previously with* ***Manfred Mann/Gary Numan****),* ***Mickey Feat*** *(bass – ex-****Van Morrison****),* ***Gregg Dechart*** *(keyboards – ex-****Uriah Heep****),* ***Raf Ravenscroft*** *(reeds) and* ***Jodi Linscott*** *(Percussion – ex-****Kokomo****).*

PALLAS *have now extended their UK tour: Aberdeen Capitol Theatre March 24, Glasgow Pavilion 25, Birmingham Odeon 26, London Hammersmith Odeon 27, Hanley Victoria Hall 29 Manchester Apollo 30, Redcar Coatham Bowl 31, Glenrothes Lomond Centre April 1, Edinburgh Playhouse 2, Nottingham Rock City 4, Hull The Tower 5, Wellingborough Queensway Hall 7, Dunstable Queensway Hall 8, Chippenham Rock Theatre 9, Blackburn King Georges Hall 12.*

HEAVY PETTIN *have cancelled their planned date at Manchester UMIST on March 24.*

ROCK GODDESS *play London The Venue on April 18. Tickets are priced at £3.*

SPIDER *have made two alterations to their UK tour. They will play Liverpool Royal on March 21 (not 25) and Newcastle Mayfair 23 (not 21). They've also added an extra show at Leeds Free Trade Hall on March 25.*

THOR *returns to the UK in early May to play some dates. It seems likely he'll be appearing at London Marquee Club on May 8/9, although these shows have yet to be confirmed.*

LOUDNESS *come back to England to play four shows during April: Gravesend Red Lion 22, London Marquee Club 23, Reading Target Club 24, Preston Clouds 25.*

THE KINKS *go out on the road during March/April: Birmingham Odeon March 23, Cardiff St. David's Hall 24, Hanley Victoria Hall 25, Guildford Civic Hall 29, Nottingham Royal Centre 30, Poole Arts Centre April 1, London Hammersmith Palais 2/3, Southampton Gaumont 4, Manchester Apollo 6, Liverpool Royal Court 7, Middlesborough Town Hall 8.*

MAYHEM!

FROM PAGE 4

HEART BEAT

■ **THE HEARTBREAKERS,** one of the most celebrated late Seventies American punk acts, have reformed.

The band features **Johnny Thunders** (lead guitar/vocals – pictured above), **Jerry Nolan** (drums), **Walter Lure** (rhythm guitar) and **Billy Rath** (bass). They make their stage return at the end of March with three UK dates: **Nottingham Palais 22, Manchester Hacienda 23, London Lyceum 25.** It's expected that the London show will be recorded for a future live album. And Jungle Records will be issuing a re-mixed version of the band's one and only studio opus, **'LAMF'**, to coincide with the gigs. Two previously unreleased studio tracks have been added to the original running order, *viz* **'Can't Keep My Eyes On You'** and **'Do You Love Me'.**

According to Thunders (who re-mixed this album with former **Generation X** member **Tony James**), the future of the band following these dates is uncertain. "If it works, maybe we'll keep going and do a studio album."

Thunders also appears in a new movie, **'Gringoes'**, due for release during the Summer, and is to start work soon on another film, **'Go Back To Go'**, which will be shot in Paris.

■ AMERICAN QUINTET **Queensrÿche** are currently working on their debut album for EMI America. Recording and mixing are being done with producer **James Guthrie** at three London studios, *viz* Abbey Road, Angel and Mayfair.

As yet the LP is untitled and no release date has been set. However, among those tracks likely to appear are **'Before The Storm', 'Waiting For The Kill', 'Prophesy', 'The Warning', 'Road To Madness'** and **'Child In Fire'.**

■ **LITA FORD** releases her second solo album on the Mercury label in early May.

Titled **'Lita Ford',** it was produced by **Lance Quinn** (who recently worked on the first **Bon Jovi** LP). The basic tracks were laid down at the Record Plant in New York, with vocals and overdubs being done in Philadelphia. The album features a guest appearance from **Aldo Nova** on keyboards.

It seems likely that Lita will play some UK dates to coincide with the release of this new opus, although nothing has been confirmed to date.

METAL QUEEN

Pic John Bentley

HAVING BEEN chronicling Lee Aaron's deeds for some time, *Kerrang!* is pleased to hear that she now seems firmly on the road to success.

Following that first import-only album and the ensuing limited edition picture disc, recorded with the help of fellow Toronto bands, she now has her own outfit (who appeared with her at the Reading Festival last year) and a major deal with Attic Records, who've previously launched Triumph and Anvil. The debut album from the band, 'Metal Queen', appeared at the end of February together with a single featuring two tracks from the LP, 'Shake It Up' c/w 'Deceiver', both of which are enjoying substantial airplay and strong sales out of the box.

Backing up the releases is a spectacular video of the 'Metal Queen' track itself, a fantasy sequence full of sacrificial altars, pythons, tarantulas and a laser-eyed mechanical spider, our heroine getting kidnapped by satanic monks and very nearly burnt at the stake. Sounds immensely Domesque, but you'll be pleased/mortified (delete as required) to hear that it's highly Suterian too!

The album will be released in Britain and Europe shortly, and live shows are projected to support the release. However, a mammoth three-month tour of Germany with Udo Lindenberg has been turned down following the discovery that it wasn't quite what it seemed. Rather than Lee and band opening the shows, it appears that Lee *alone* was being offered a brief 15-minute segment in mega-nutter Lindenberg's set backed by his own group whilst her musicians kicked their heels at home playing snowballs in The Great White North!

PAUL SUTER